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Vol. CXCVIII No. 2584 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 13 1949

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Volume CXCVIII No. 2584 The SPHERE, London, August 13, 1949

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THEIR ANNUAL SCOTTISH HOLIDAY—THE KING AND QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE CHARLES, SEEN ON ARRIVAL AT BALLATER STATION, DEESIDE, BEFORE DRIVING TO BALMORAL: Prince Charles, on his first journey to Scotland, enjoyed a sound night's sleep on the overnight train and, on arrival at Ballater, delighted the crowds by smiling and waving to them. He was in the arms of his nurse, Miss Helen Lightbody

The Royal Family left London last Friday night at the start of their annual holiday on Deeside, the King and Queen and Princess Margaret going to Balmoral and Princess Elizabeth and Prince Charles, who will probably be joined by the Duke of Edinburgh this week-end, going to Birkhall, on the Royal estate, which in future will be recognised as Their Royal Highnesses Deeside residence. It was at Birkhall that Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip spent part of their honeymoon. The Royal train arrived at Ballater at 10 a.m. on Saturday, and was met by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. Before driving off for Balmoral the King inspected a guard of honour, which this year was drawn from the 1st Battalion the Highland Light Infantry. The Royal Family will probably not return to London until the end of September. (Further pictures of the start of the Royal holiday will be found on page 220 of this issue.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Whirlwind Tour.—

I confess I joined the doubters concerning the European tour of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. How seldom we stop to think in terms of simple arithmetic of the implications of these major policies into which our Government and other Governments are swept as a result of fear of Russia and hatred of Communism. How many millions of dollars, how many years, would be required to build up among the Brussels Pact nations such an army (and under unified command) as would hold the Russians behind the Elbe (or the Rhine), if the Bear meant business ? It is not only money. Would France march, if Britain was not ready to land her token divisions for another Dunkirk ? Would the pact powers in the event be content with America's role of strategic atom bombing, mostly over their own twice-devastated cities ? What are 1,500,000,000 dollars divided up among ten nations *good* for ? Perhaps for local policing against local Communist cold-war. Astronomical dollars can't buy a united or unified Europe when immediate destruction threatens one fair land, can't kill nationalism or jealousy or suspicion that the common burden is not to be evenly distributed. The whirlwind tour may reap the whirlwind, or win the bluff, but whether the bluff is directed against Stalin (who is good at arithmetic) or the opposition in the American Senate (which also can add or subtract), we do not know. There is a great deal of *paper* about all these activities and those at Fontainebleau. The atmosphere is charged with "concord and cordiality" and . . . autumn mist.

Counting the Chickens . . .

—All the same or nevertheless. . . . That Sunday newspaper—not *markedly* Socialist—which has already allocated all chief offices in the coming Conservative Government, is not only markedly optimistic but positively saboteur, in my poor view. The "lucky" ones are practically without exception old-school-tie boys. ("*Harrow, Eton!*") Churchill, Salisbury (F.O.), Stanley, Lyttelton, Butler, Macmillan, Maclay, Maxwell Fyfe, Crookshank, Law, Hudson. A regular Disraeli Cabinet, with a *dies non* for the Derby, "the best social club in the world, Sir," and all that and Heaven, too. Not a mention of the working-man Conservative, the village Hampden, the man who was smith of his own fortunes. Without a handsome leaven from this category in the Cabinet, I would give any Conservative Government a maximum of six months without the option. Just gossip, yes, but mischievous gossip indeed, if it come from a quarter which genuinely desires to try a change from Attlee's State-Socialism. *I* would not cast a vote for such a Government, since it would merely necessitate the nuisance of another General Election round the next bend.

"Amethyst" Saga.—

I must have my note on it—late in the day as it is. But only *relatively* late for an event which will figure in history-books of a serious kind and be read by our posterity centuries hence in schoolrooms, with the deeds of Drake and Nelson ; with Cadiz, Zeebrugge and all the long list of "little examples" of British sea power and initiative. What young man alive to-day would not step thankfully into the shoes of Lieut.-Commander J. S. Kerans, despite the discomforts of temporary disability ? To awake one morning and find himself famous, with a name and place won in English history, with a rare distinction and certainty of promotion, the lion of the hour, a British worthy in perpetuity. How many such young Byrons can you list since 1066 ? It is rare enough.

THE MAN WHO FOUND THE BOSWELL PAPERS—LIEUT.-COLONEL RALPH ISHAM, OF NEW YORK, WITH THE TREASURE-TROVE WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT AMONG THE MUNIMENTS OF SCOTTISH AND IRISH CASTLES DURING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF RESEARCH : This great collection of English literary manuscripts, which throws a most revealing and unexpected light on the eighteenth century, has been acquired by Yale University, and when this picture was taken Colonel Isham was signing over the documents to Mr. James T. Babb, the University Librarian, and Mr. Edward C. Aswell, vice-president of the McGraw-Hill Company, which is arranging publication. The manuscripts will occupy between forty and fifty volumes. Dr. James Clifford, an authority on literature in the eighteenth century, commenting on Colonel Isham's finds, has declared : "Put all this together and we have one of the greatest collections in the world. This throws light on all the age. It is an overwhelming find"

Juvenile Crime.—

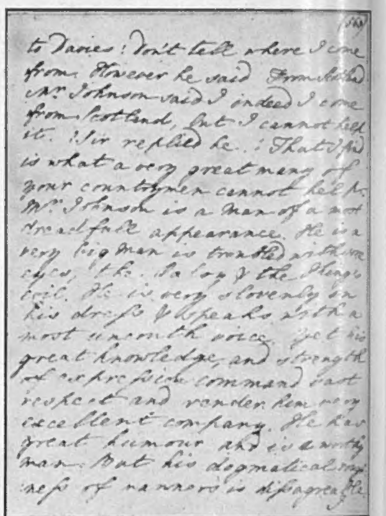
Sir Harold Scott's report is one which requires careful study as much by the Government as by the lay magistracy and the nation. The vital stress is laid on juvenile crime. Crime as a whole shows a slight decrease from the peak of 1945. The increase in juvenile crime is appalling. The gravity of juvenile offences has increased with the numbers of children taken into custody—an increase of 28 per cent. ; of 21 per cent. of young people between fourteen and sixteen. Compared with 1938, the increase is as high as 50 per cent. in the case of children. Over 65 per cent. of those arrested who were under twenty-one were "operating in gangs often led by quite young children." Operating upon what ? Shop-breaking, house-breaking—the jobs of Bill Sikes. Sir Harold experiences, and suffers under, the reverse side of the picture of human penal reform, and he rather unfairly blames a lot of his trouble on the lay magistrature and the juvenile courts. But few remember that it was Government policy (and absolutely deliberate) at the most dangerous time possible, to direct the lay magistrate so to deal in court with juvenile delinquents that the majesty of the law was made a mock of ; any instance of fostering its deterrent qualities was reproved by authority. It began, as you may remember, with a sudden, ridiculous, full-circle swing of the pendulum. The police officers must dress up as country squires, the women magistrates were encouraged to coo over the young thieves and arson-fiends ; in the atmosphere of a children's party, the delinquent and his parents, the court and the police, spoke sweet words of reason and the young devils laughed in their sleeves.

Reaction Run Mad.—

The Englishman in his reactions, in his "periodic fits of morality" and humanity, is the most ridiculous mortal on earth. The humanitarian of prison reform and the penal code had a great case. No thinking man doubted the need for great reforms towards curative as opposed to retributive treatment. Scores of criminals were *made* by a too early prison sentence. Thousands might have been reformed. But the reaction as usual went too far and too fast at a very dangerous period, and it is still going madly along . . . the police are embarrassed and suddenly appalled by the results. For the young, the majesty of the Law has ceased to exist. Sir Harold blames the juvenile courts for repeated "bindings-over," and the lay justices for releasing persistent offenders on bail. As for "bindings-over," Juvenile magistrates have been whipped into the practice by Home Office circulars. As for release on bail, the old lag can secure that for himself by appealing against conviction in the Lower Court to an Appeals Committee of Quarter Sessions. The new rule by which Petty Sessions, finding they have convicted an "old lag," pass him to Quarter Sessions for an appropriate sentence beyond what it is in their power to give, encourages such devices. Child crime was never so rife, and the young, whom at least the full majesty of the law might still impress, are invited by authority to laugh at it. Our probation officers are the bright spot. They are the salt of the earth. The solution of the juvenile crime-wave rests with them, the parents, the schoolteachers.

Romance of Buried Treasure.—

The hidden places in our country houses and good old earth even now retain their secrets. We haven't yet by any means unearthed all the valuables which our remote ancestors stored or hid. The Boswell papers, for instance. Colonel Isham's long search and discovery and collection of the vast mass of Boswellana at Malahide is old history now, his



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to Davies: Don't tell where I come from. However he said From Scotland. Mr Johnson said I indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it. Sir replied he: That I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help. Mr Johnson is a man of a most dreadful appearance. He is a very big man is troubled with sore eyes, the Palsy & the Kings evil. He is very slovenly in his dress & speaks with a most uncouth voice. Yet his great knowledge, and strength of expression command vast respect and render him very excellent company. He has great humour and is a worthy man. But his dogmatical roughness of manners is disagreeable.

FROM BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF 1763 : A page from the diary, one of the most important items in the collection of Boswell papers which Lieut.-Colonel Isham has sold to Yale University. 1763 was the year in which the young Scot first met Johnson in the back parlour of the Davies' bookshop at Covent Garden, and this meeting is here recorded on page 563 of the Journal. Boswell describes Johnson as dreadful offensive, with sore eyes, palsy, slovenly dress, uncouth voice and dogmatical roughness of manner

purchase of the other great deposit at Fettercairn (which indeed was never "lost") makes a first-rate romance of literary treasure-hunting. All this vast collection of Colonel Isham's has now been sold to Yale University, and in the course of years most of it will be published in America and England. On the same day on which this good news was released, came news of a discovery in Kent of marble busts, one of Marcus Aurelius, which have lain hid in a secret hidey-hole for eighteen centuries. Some early owner of a Roman villa in the second century A.D., frightened by rumours of a local revolt by the British, concealed his works of art in an oak-lined cache at the foot of a flight of steps deep down in his cellars, and there they have remained while English history was making from Hadrian to Hitler and Stalin ; and the oak lining still as good as new. Somehow, these discovered "links with the past" help me to comprehend the theory of relativity.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ANGLO-U.S. STAFF TALKS AT THE CABINET OFFICES IN GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER: Left to right are:—Major-General A. M. Gruenther (Director, U.S. Joint Staff); General Hoyt S. Vandenberg (Air Force); General Omar N. Bradley (Army); Admiral Louis E. Denfeld (Chief of Naval Operations); Lord Tedder; Field-Marshal Sir William Slim (C.I.G.S.); Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape; Air-Marshal Sir William Elliot (Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence)

THE U.S. STAFF CHIEFS MEET EUROPEAN MILITARY LEADERS

The Talks in London and Paris

The communiqué which followed the Anglo-American talks gave no indication of the results, stating simply: "The Chiefs of Staff discussed problems concerning the military organisation to be established in implementation of the provisions of the North Atlantic Pact." Following these talks, the U.S. Chiefs of Staff met Chiefs of Staff of the Danish and Norwegian armed forces before leaving for Paris. There they had further discussions with the French, Dutch, Belgian and Portuguese General Staffs and visited the Western Union military headquarters at Fontainebleau.

THE DANISH CHIEFS OF STAFF WHO MET THE U.S. CHIEFS AT THE NAVY HEADQUARTERS: Left to right are—Lieutenant Prince Georg of Denmark, Acting Military Attaché in London, who interpreted; Commander Jensen, Navy; Vice-Admiral H. Vedel, C.-in-C. Navy; Lieut.-General Ebbe Goertz, C.-in-C. Army; and Commodore Quisgaard, Naval and Air Attaché in London

NORWEGIAN STAFF OFFICERS WHO MET THE U.S. CHIEFS IN LONDON: Left to right are—General B. A. Oen, C.-in-C. Air Force; Vice-Admiral Edward Danielsen, C.-in-C. Navy; General Ole Berg, Chief of the Joint Services; Lieut.-General Wilhelm Hansteen, C.-in-C. Army; and Colonel Nils Saeboe

AT FONTAINEBLEAU: General Bradley meets Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, President of the Permanent Military Committee of Western Union. Behind is General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, Chief of Staff of Land Forces

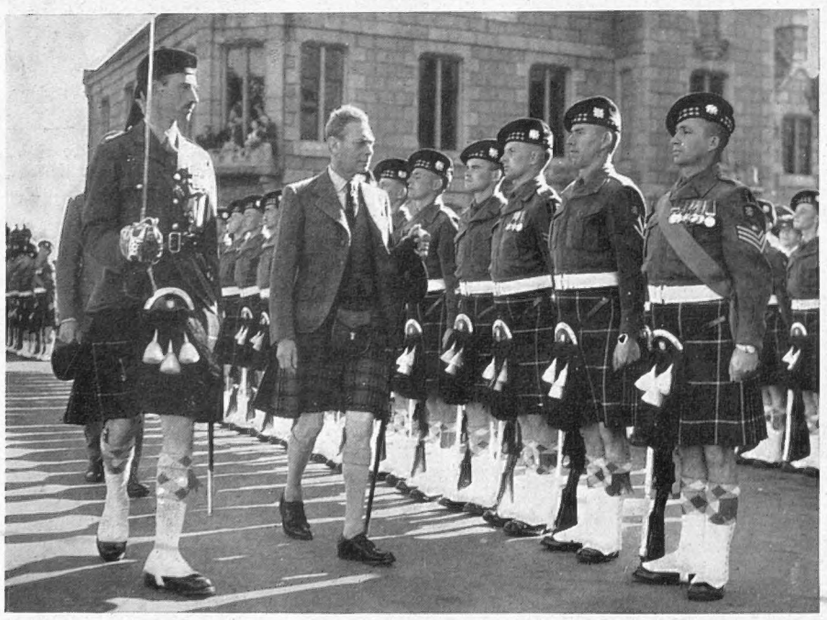
THE U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF CONFER WITH FRENCH MILITARY CHIEFS AT THE WAR MINISTRY IN PARIS: Left to right are—General Paul Cherriere, Defence Co-ordinator for Premier Henri Queuille; Captain Jully, French Navy; the U.S. interpreter, Major Walter; Admiral Louis Denfeld; General Omar Bradley; General Hoyt Vandenberg and Major-General A. M. Gruenther

THE ROYAL FAMILY START THEIR SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

Driving to Euston and the Arrival at Ballater

THE OFFICIAL WELCOME AT BALLATER STATION, DEESIDE: Members of the Royal Family being greeted on arrival by Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. Beside Princess Elizabeth at the station entrance are the Provost of Ballater and Prince Charles who is seen in the arms of his nurse, Miss Helen Lightbody

WHILE THE KING INSPECTED THE GUARD OF HONOUR DRAWN UP AT THE ENTRANCE TO BALLATER STATION THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET TALKED WITH THE PROVOST OF BALLATER, AND THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN MADE ACQUAINTANCE WITH PRINCE CHARLES: The arrival of the Royal Family was on a morning of brilliant sunshine, and a large and enthusiastic crowd turned up at the station to welcome them

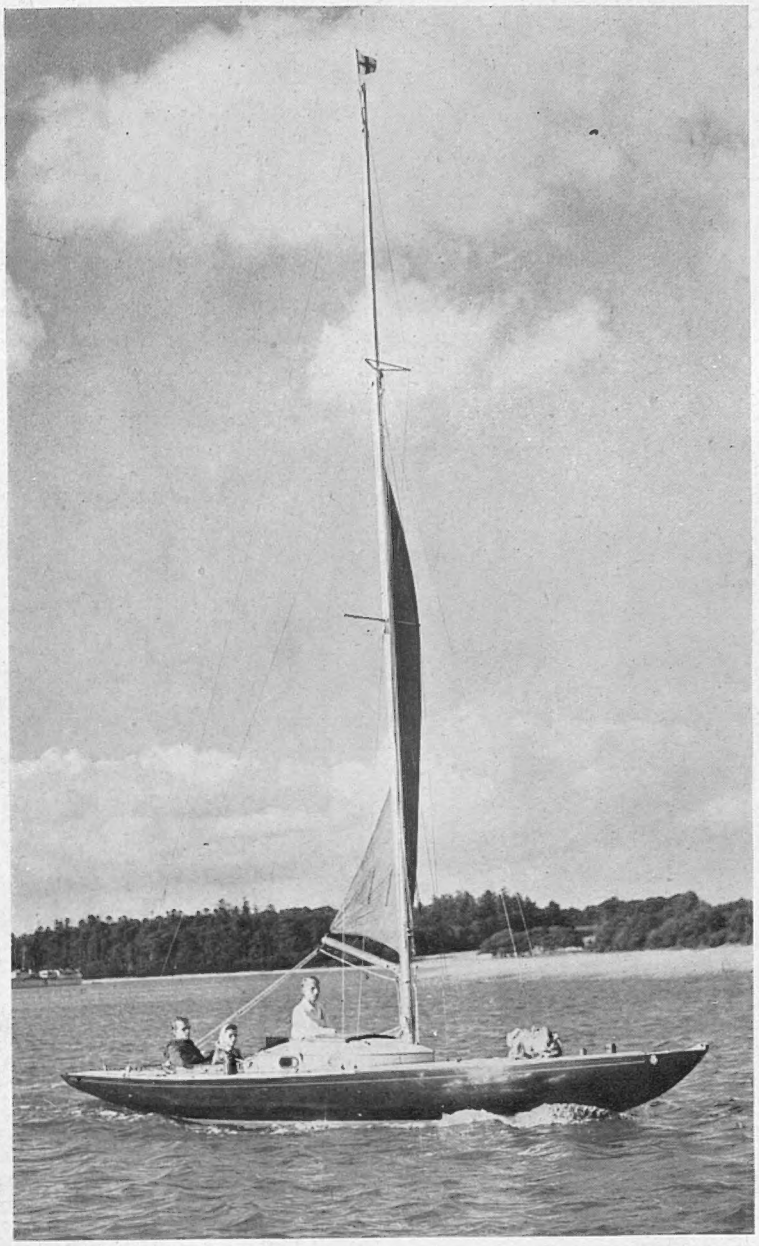


THE KING INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR: The King's Guard at Balmoral is being provided this year by the 1st Battalion The Highland Light Infantry, from Fort George, and they were waiting at Ballater to greet the arrival of the Royal Family. For the first time since 1938 the guard is dressed in ceremonial order, claymores being carried and medals worn. It is also the first time for 140 years that The Highland Light Infantry has worn the kilt when parading in ceremonial order

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO EUSTON: Their Majesties leaving London at the start of their Scottish holiday. The King left London wearing a lounge suit, but on arrival at Ballater he appeared in kilts

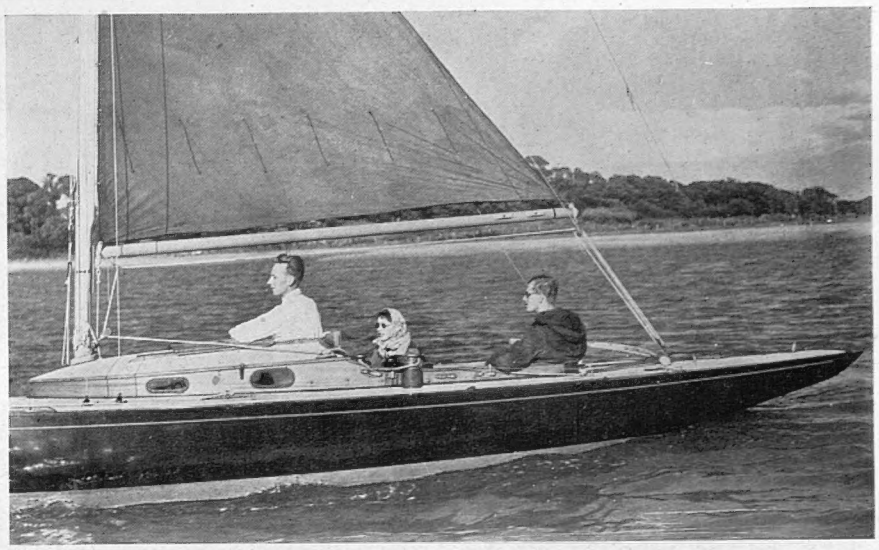
PRINCE CHARLES WAS AWAKE LONG AFTER HIS NORMAL BEDTIME: As he sat in the arms of his nurse, Miss Helen Lightbody, he took a lively interest in all that went on around him. However, when the Royal train left Euston at 7 p.m. he was fast asleep in his coach

THE PRINCESSES DRIVE TO EUSTON: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret acknowledging the greetings of the crowd. Princess Elizabeth is setting up house at Birkhall for the next six weeks. It was at this house, near Balmoral, that she spent part of her honeymoon

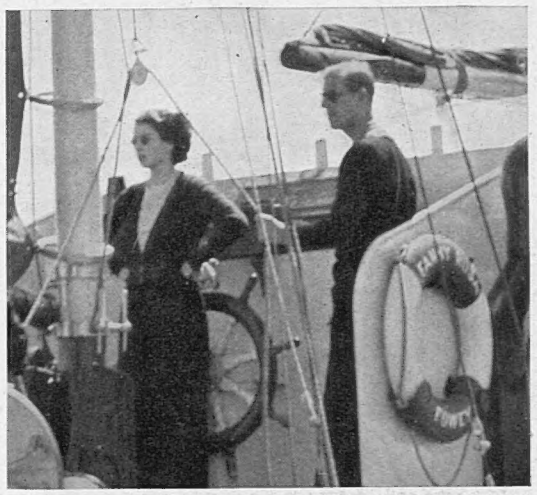


"BLUEBOTTLE" IN THE BEAULIEU RIVER : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh enjoying their first outing together in their yacht. With them went Lieut.-Commander Crichton, who sails "Bluebottle" in all her races, and also a paid hand

The *Bluebottle*, with her Royal blue hull with a gold line and her boot topping in red, was built at Camper and Nicholson's Gosport yard and presented to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as a wedding gift. Since then she has competed in numerous races, meeting with very fair success, and last week Princess Elizabeth cruised in her for the first time during one of the days when racing at Cowes had to be abandoned. On the following day the Royal sailing master, Lieut.-Commander Crichton, was concerned in a thrilling finish, beating *Valhalla* for second place after an intense struggle. This week the Duke arranged to race in *Bluebottle* before joining the Royal Family at Balmoral, competing in the International Dragon-class Edinburgh Cup meeting, organised by the Island Sailing Club.



SAILING UP THE BEAULIEU RIVER : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in their yacht *Bluebottle*, a wedding gift from the Island Sailing Club. On this day they had hoped to be aboard *Bluebottle* when she competed in the Royal Yacht Squadron and Island Sailing Club Regatta at Cowes, but bad weather caused an abandonment of the programme. On the following day they saw *Bluebottle* come in second in the Dragon-class event



ABOARD LIEUT.-GENERAL BROWNING'S MOTOR KETCH, THE "FANNY ROSA" : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at Cowes during Regatta Week

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip CRUISING in their DRAGON CLASS YACHT

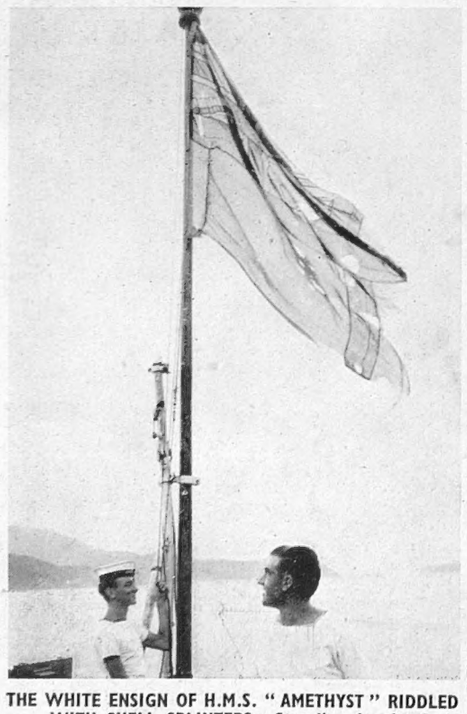
On right — **WATCHING THE RACING AT COWES : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing blue guernseys with slacks, on the bridge of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning's "Fanny Rosa." During the racing they dropped anchor just about half a mile off the Royal Yacht Squadron**

H.M.S. "AMETHYST'S" ESCAPE

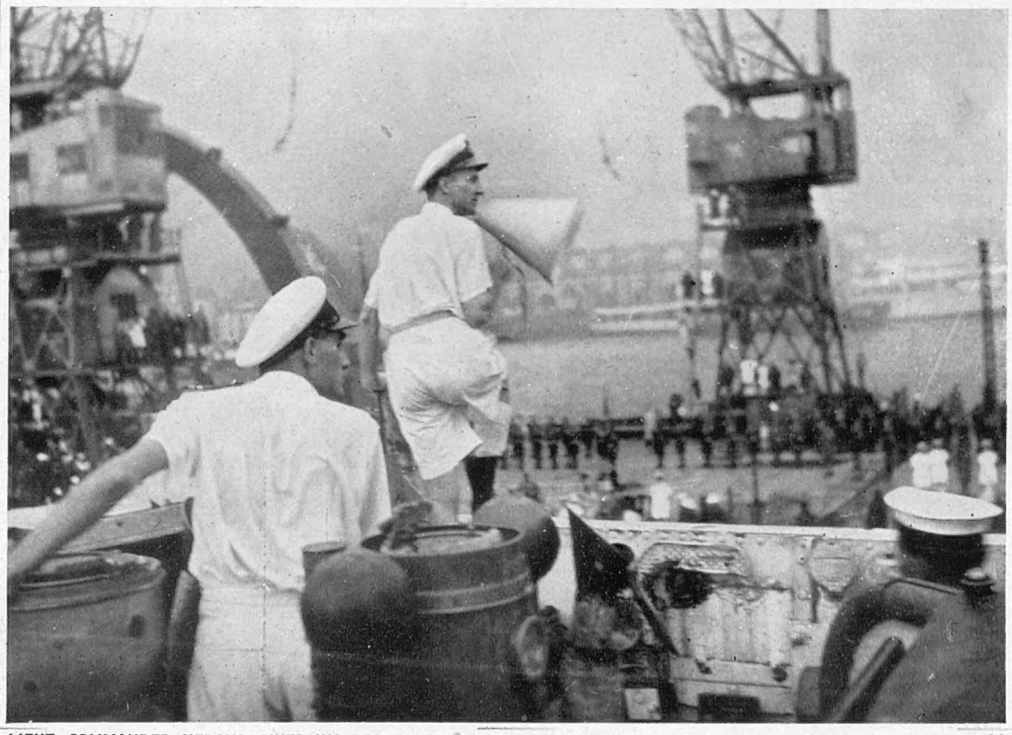
THE FIRST RADIO PICTURES FROM THE CHINA SEA

THE MEN OF THE CRUISER "JAMAICA" CHEER THE SHELL-SCARRED FRIGATE "AMETHYST" WHEN THEY MEET AT SEA: This dramatic picture was flown 1,951 miles from Hong Kong to Singapore and then radioed 6,680 miles. As the vessels met, the West Country greeting of "Oggie, Oggie" echoed across the water, and the band of H.M.S. "Jamaica" struck up "Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon"

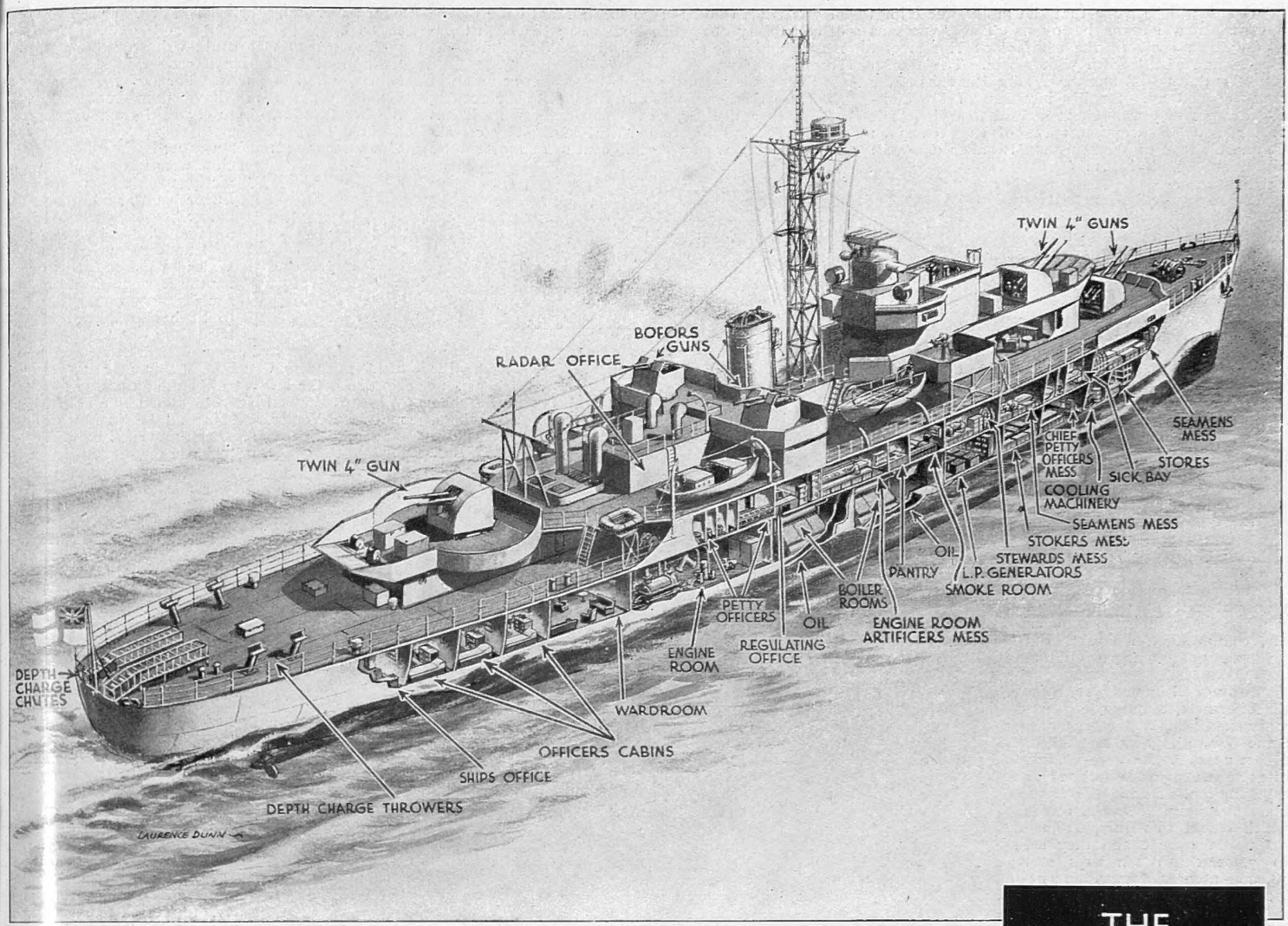
THE MEN OF THE "AMETHYST" GREET THE POSTMAN: They were looking over the side as a motor-boat arrived from H.M.S. "Jamaica" with their long-awaited mail which had been piling up steadily during their hundred days spent on the Yangtze



THE WHITE ENSIGN OF H.M.S. "AMETHYST" RIDDLED WITH SHELL SPLINTERS: Standing in the foreground is Telegraphist Jack French, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his heroic work in the Yangtze battle when the "Amethyst" first came under Communist fire



LIEUT.-COMMANDER KERANS GIVES HIS LAST ORDERS BEFORE DOCKING AT HONG KONG: The thirty-four-year-old captain of the frigate, megaphone in hand, guides his vessel safe to port after her voyage from the Yangtze. Lieut.-Commander Kerans received the immediate award of the D.S.O. for his gallantry and his skill, and he has since, at the Admiralty's request, sent a list of recommendations for further awards

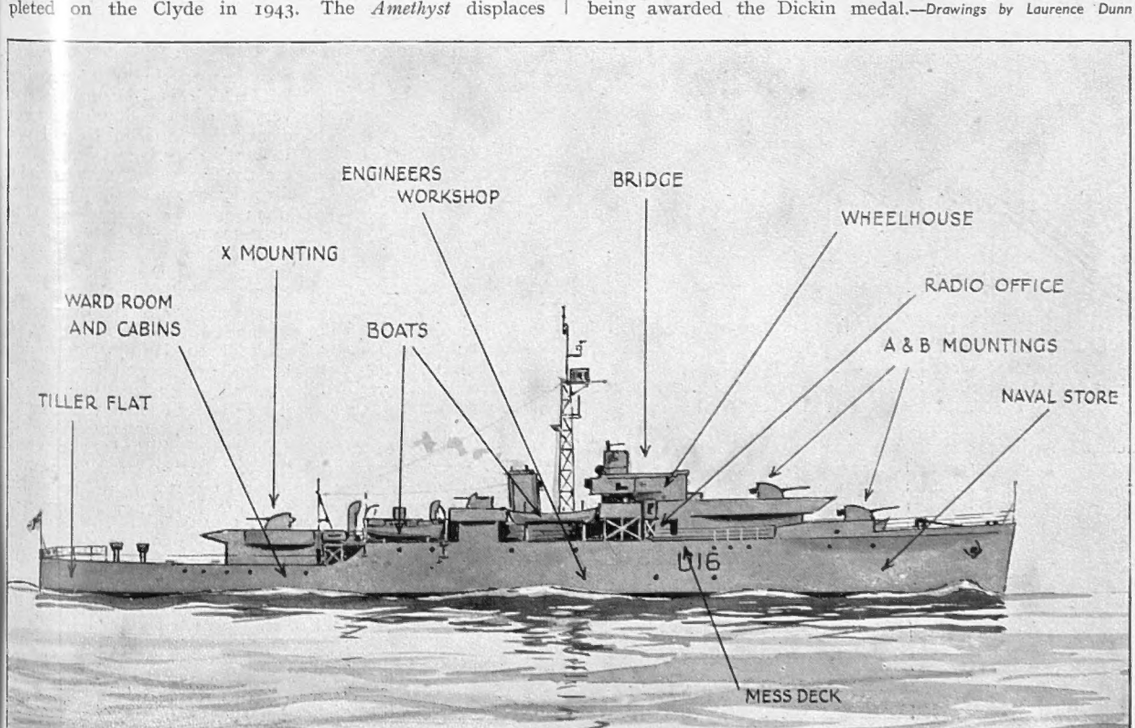


THE SHIP THAT RAN THE GAUNTLET OF THE COMMUNIST BATTERIES: The "Amethyst" seen in section, showing the layout of accommodation. Built as a sloop, but now classed as a frigate, she belongs to the Modified Black Swan class

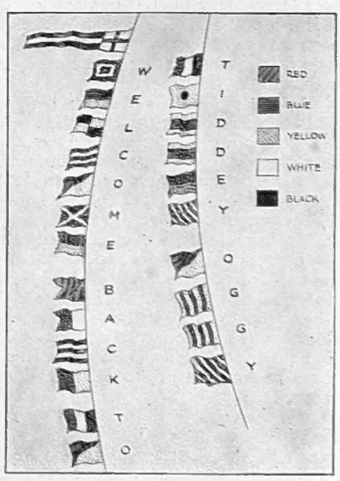
THE HEROINE of the YANGTZE

H.M.S. "Amethyst" which Ran the Communist Gauntlet

On August 3, H.M.S. *Amethyst* was given a resounding welcome when she reached Hong Kong, all the ships in the harbour blowing their sirens as she came into port ahead of the flagship, the cruiser *Jamaica*. To-day her crew are enjoying a well-earned spell of shore leave, all of them guests in the homes of citizens of Hong Kong, and, needless to say, wherever the *Amethyst* hat-band is seen it is a passport in itself. The *Amethyst*, which will need to undergo considerable repairs to make her seaworthy—and, indeed, she limped into Hong Kong only with difficulty—is a vessel of the modified Black Swan class. She was completed on the Clyde in 1943. The *Amethyst* displaces 1,375 tons and has an overall length of 299½ ft. Her beam is 38 ft. and the draught only 11 ft. Six 4-in. guns are mounted in pairs, and besides small guns, there are two pairs of Bofors guns amidships. Geared turbines of 4,300 s.h.p. give a speed of about 20 knots. When the order to abandon ship was given, after the Communist attack on April 20, the codes were destroyed and all subsequent messages were sent in plain language, which had to be read "between the lines." Lieut.-Commander J. S. Kerans, who was in command of the *Amethyst*, was granted the immediate award of the D.S.O. Even the ship's cat shared in the general acclaim, being awarded the Dickin medal.—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*



THE TOLL TAKEN BY THE COMMUNIST BATTERIES DURING THE YANGTZE FIGHT AND THE SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE TO THE SEA: According to the latest Admiralty information the main hits are as recorded in this drawing. During the original battle, when the "Amethyst" was attempting to reach Nanking with supplies for the British "colony," hits were scored on both the bridge and wheelhouse, and very soon only the guns from X mounting were kept going. These also were silenced after 45 rounds had been fired. It will be seen that several shots were near the water-line



THIS WAS THE FLAGSHIP'S SIGNAL TO THE "AMETHYST": The meeting in the China Sea between the *Amethyst* and her flagship, the cruiser *Jamaica*, was a dramatic and spontaneous event. As the *Amethyst*, escorted by the destroyer *Cossack*, hove into sight, the *Jamaica* turned in her course, and when the ships drew level the flagship's Royal Marines band played "Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon." At the same time the traditional greeting between two Devonport ships was made. "Tiddey Oggy" is the local name for a pasty

GOOD-BYE TO THE WAR CRIMES TRIALS

They Put Salt in the Wounds of Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

NO one will be sorry that the major war crimes trials will soon be over. The Americans closed down early in the summer at Nuremberg. The French closed down with Abetz. The British will close down with Manstein. The Russians never really opened up. Smaller members of the once-allied community were circumscribed to trying their own nationals, exception made of such cases as Denmark's trial of Werner Best, Poland's of Frank and Forster, Belgium's of Falkenhausen.

The story of all these trials is sufficiently involved, not to say labyrinthine, without any gratuitous additions. Therefore, the first thing is to separate treason and collaborationist trials from trials of Axis culprits, civil and military. Use of the word "Axis" may seem quaint, but did it not once conjure precisely that Nazi-Fascist company whose enormities across Europe provoked the novelty—to some, hazardous departure—of trying the vanquished, for their heads, after victory?

The collaborationist trials hung on longest in France and Belgium. Occasional shootings continue in Belgium, and if Degrelle is ever caught, he will assuredly be for the *poteau*. The same would go for Déat in French hands and for one or two more. But the trials themselves are done with, and high time, judging by the sigh of relief.

Their perpetuation year after year put salt in wounds, sent fœtid wafts through the national life, compromised recovery, and rendered politics more vitiated than the norm.

During and immediately after the liberation, about 2,800 summary executions were carried out. Some were court-martialled, others not. A few were victims of private vengeance and vulgar assassination. During the close-upon-five years of special courts which closed this July, 118,000 cases were opened and they led to 7,000 death sentences and 38,000 sentences of imprisonment, including nearly 3,000 for life.

Around 11,000 are still in gaol, one-third of the whole prison population. They include 1,800 reprieved after the death sentence. Just less than 800 were executed. The remainder of the death sentences—4,400—were on people who had fled or disappeared.

Of 109 prominent Vichyites, sixteen were tried in their absence and ten of them sentenced to death. Thirty-nine stood their trial, and of these eight received the death sentence, Pétain at their head. In the end only three of all the company were executed, Laval, Darnand and de Brinon.

No one in France or elsewhere can be happy about such trials, save extremists and fanatics. If ever they should be necessary again, doubtless the lesson has been to get them over quickly, even if it means pulling in the net with an incomplete catch.

At least there is this to be said for the collaborationist trials: the judges were administering a long-established code, meting out the penalty for aiding and comforting an invader. By contrast, the charges preferred against major war criminals never figured on any statute prior to commission of the crimes alleged. No existing law, international or other, was violated by, say, a Keitel causing thousands of innocent people to be slaughtered. This lacuna was the cause of much soul searching and constant controversy at Nuremberg. *Ought the trials to be going on at all?*

Well, like thousands of others, I studied that bunch in the dock, and a pretty lot of fools we'd have been if we hadn't found some means of putting them there! One side passed all bounds in the late war, and if only to erect a warning for future dictatorships, come they from top or bottom, surely the after-the-event procedure and maximum use of the powers conferred were alike justified?

As for the notion that the trials made martyrs of the accused in the minds of Germans present and to come, only one in the dock, Goering, will ever be really remembered.

Where Nuremberg faltered was in pace. Ten months was far too long when it had been laid down that the great mass of war trials could not go forward until the degree of culpability of specific bodies like the High Command and the S.S. had been determined—at Nuremberg.

Ever since 1946 war trials have been going on in the three Western Zones of Germany, to say nothing of France and Italy, and a fine old jumble it has been. The law has had a field-day. Why certain accused were tried by civil courts, and others by military ditto, more than once surpassed this understanding. One would look in at Wuppertal, in the Ruhr, and find a court-martial, British style, in progress. The accused? Horrid types who had murdered Special Service men. Over to Nuremberg, and one would find an obscure American civil judge trying top-ranking German officers for their lives.

American judges functioned for three solid years at Nuremberg. They must have run the gamut in diversity of war trials. Their *causes célèbres* were the Trial of the Generals and the Trial of the Doctors. About a dozen or fifteen in each case; the former, high-ranking officers who had gone widely outside recognised war killings, and the latter, leading physicians who had only acted under instructions in disposing of countless useless mouths in concentration camps. A scheduled *cause célèbre* which never came off concerned the Ruhr Magnates. They were split up, "played down," when it came to trial.

The person who could write a book about war trials is Schacht. He has been tried three times, twice by the Germans. For don't forget that all the time the Allies have been trying Germans, the Germans have been trying Germans, too.

I can't help thinking there was too much shunting of war criminals this way and that. Most of the chief ones were at one time all nicely together in a cage in Luxembourg, and it had been better had they not been later distributed among the Allies.

Rundstedt was flown from Wales to Nuremberg to speak for the German Generals. The simpler way would have been to have kept him there, and tried him, and the same in respect of Manstein, who was first accused by one of the prisoners, General Ohlendorf, at this very trial. No doubt the law is calling me an ass, yet I persist. Why was Marshal Kesselring tried by a British court-martial at Venice, and Marshal Graziani by an Italian civil court in Rome? Each was charged with crimes against humanity, if not in so many words.

Why weren't marshals whose crimes were in Russia handed over to that country? Because the Russians had walked out after Nuremberg? Or because too much store was set on the locale of a war criminal's arrest? All apprehended in the British Zone had to be tried by the British, and so on. To my mind, once the principle of Nuremberg had been established, all major war criminals should have faced a succession of international tribunals.

Abetz was kept nearly five years by the French. Should he have been tried by a French court or an international one? His misdeeds were in France, yet he was one of the Hitler gang whose actions hit us all. Incidentally, French dilatoriness meant that General Oberg had to kept alive for the Abetz trial after he had been sentenced to death by the British.

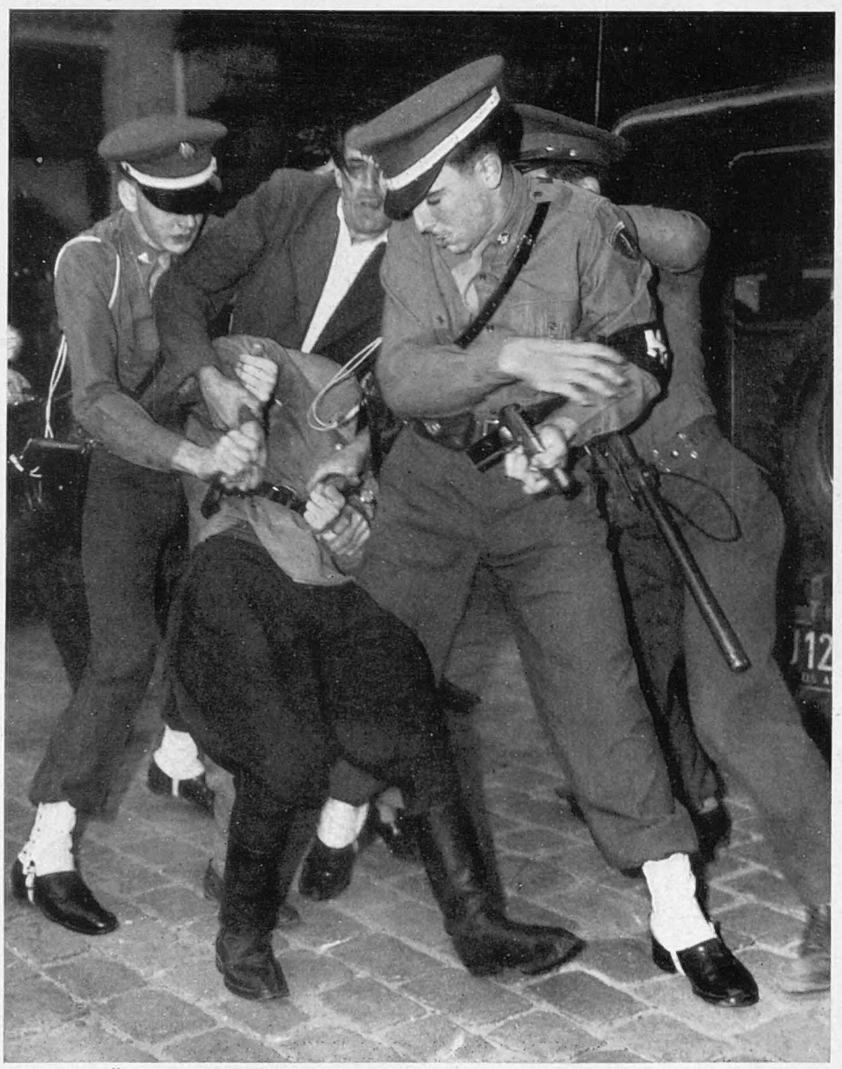
International courts might have impressed the Germans more. I say "might," because they appear long since to have divested themselves of all interest in war trials. They are understandably sick of having their own guilt stuffed down their throats *ad infinitum*. No—not that. Mr. Mayhew tells us that "128 prominent members of criminal organisations declared illegal by the Nuremberg Tribunal are still being sought in Germany." By whom? By the Germans! The onus of trying these fugitives from justice has been placed on the Germans, so we may safely say good-bye to all that.

Remains Manstein. Deplorable that Britain should have been left with this baby so late, so very late in the day. On top of dismantling, which they lay at Britain's door, the Germans will see the British as still hounding illustrious sons of the Fatherland when all the others—even the Franzmänner—have ceased. The pill is the bitterer when one reflects that the court room at Hamburg will echo to monstrous crimes alleged in the Crimea.

The Russians ought to be grateful to Britain for pulling back the curtain at this late day and publicising once again Russia's heroic sufferings in the common cause. Alas, our late Allies have got quite a different angle. "It is not at all surprising that the torch-bearer of a new war, Churchill, was the first to respond to the appeal. He readily gave £25 for Manstein, hangman of Poland and the Crimea. . . ."

Our late Allies profess to believe the British to be currying favour with Manstein, with a view to using his great knowledge of the Eastern Front, in a war against Soviet Russia. It must be conceded that this kind of thing is not confined to Russia. Vienna suspects that solicitude for Manstein's defence conceals a move in the cold war. Paris reacts with *Ah, ces Anglais!*

Foreigners might allow that at least part of the arresting display of chivalry, the subscription of £2,000 so that Manstein shall have a British lawyer, emanates from officers' *esprit de corps* which travels across frontiers friendly and unfriendly. For that matter, it is deeply woven into this tale of war crimes trials.



RUSSO-AMERICAN INCIDENT IN BERLIN — THE END OF A TAVERN BRAWL IN THE UNITED STATES SECTOR: The U.S. military police are seen dealing with a Red Army soldier who had been brandishing a revolver in a tavern, when under the influence of drink. The policeman on the right is holding the revolver in question. In the background is a German civilian who lent a helping hand

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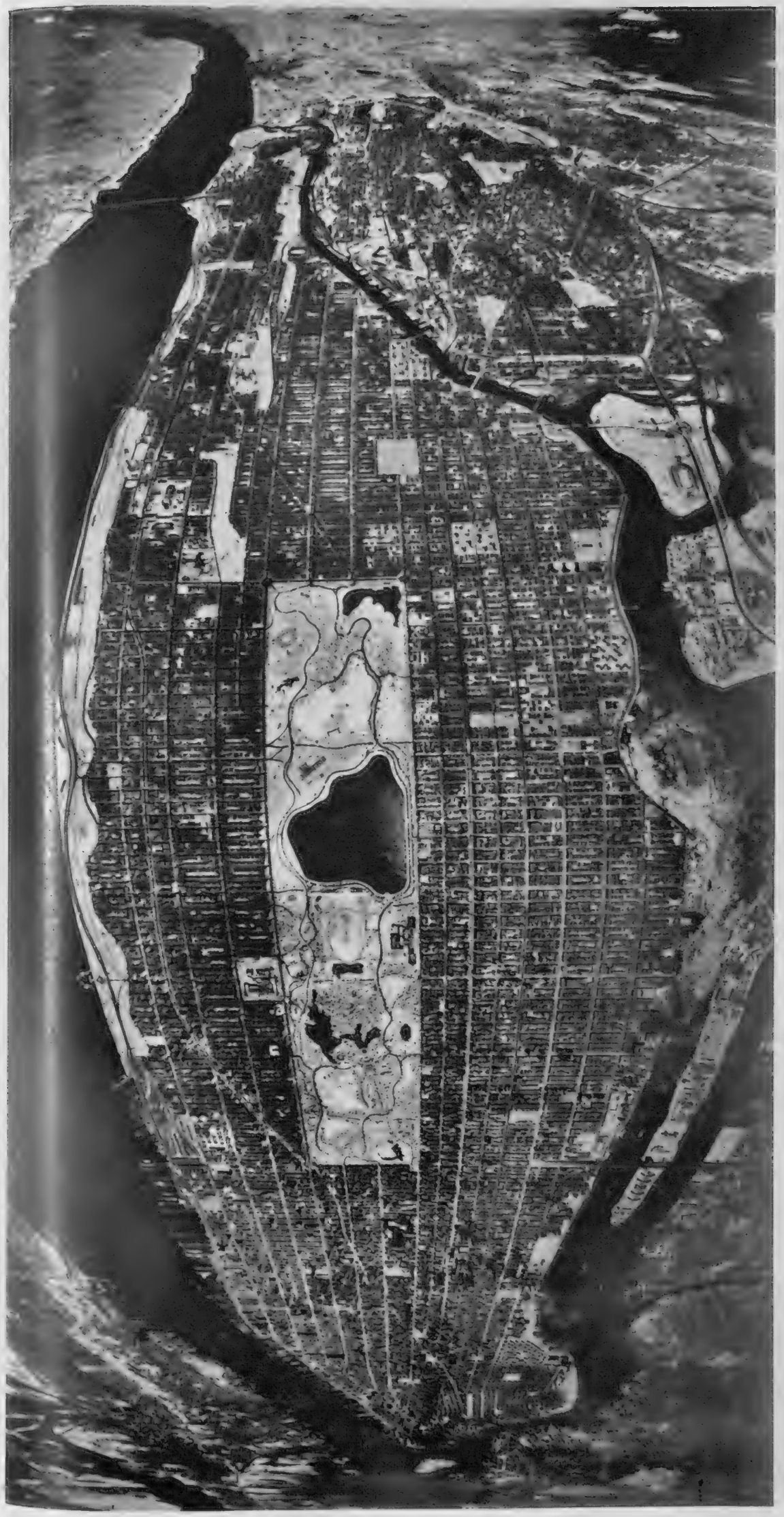

New York 340 Years After Henry Hudson

MANHATTAN FROM THE SKIES

A Newly Developed Camera Views the City

Almost exactly 340 years ago Henry Hudson, the great English navigator, cruised up the coast from Chesapeake and Delaware Bays to Sandy Hook, thereafter devoting his energies to exploring the river which has since borne his name and which he ascended to the present position of Albany, which was destined to become the capital of New York State. Hudson, who was on his third voyage in search of the North-West Passage, was in the service of the Dutch East India Company. He navigated the river in the belief that it might provide the passage he sought, and the Dutch thereafter claimed the territory along its banks. From that discovery began the development of New York as a trading centre. In 1613, a sea captain by name of Adrian Block, whose vessel, *The Tiger*, had been burned, erected four houses on the present site of Manhattan in order to shelter himself and his crew while building a new ship, *The Unrest*. These dwellings, the first white man's habitations on Manhattan Island, formed the beginning of a trading post.

In 1614 the States General of Holland chartered the United New Netherland Company of Amsterdam, granting it a three-year monopoly of the Dutch fur trade in America. It was not long before active colonisation and trading began. The Dutch chose the south end of Manhattan Island for the seat of Government, and for a transatlantic shipping station. To this day the ocean transports dock in that very same area. In the early days the city lay south of the present Wall Street, a maze of streets which developed in haphazard fashion and remain haphazard even now, whereas the rest of Manhattan, particularly near Central Park, is largely rectangular in pattern. It was in March 1664, when Charles II granted New Netherland to his brother, the Duke of York, that the settlement on the Hudson came under British rule.

Until the evacuation of New York in 1783, when the remnant of the British Army sailed home from Staten Island, the settlement remained under the British. In 1690 the First Inter-Colonial Congress had been held there, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and Maryland taking part. In 1693 the first printing press was set up, and in 1703 the first free school was established. From the dawn of the nineteenth century Manhattan's rise was swift and almost uninterrupted, and to-day the camera looks down on the busiest and quite the most congested twenty square miles in the world.

This picture, taken with a newly developed camera introduced by technicians of Boston University and the United States Air Force, shows Manhattan Island from a height of 10,000 ft. As the camera takes in a vast area both extremities of the picture are distorted. The broad, dark curve on the left is the Hudson River, and on the right is the East River. Dominating the centre of the picture is Central Park. In the immediate foreground is Battery Point, and to the left of the Point are the Hudson River piers where the ocean steamers dock. In the background beyond the Harlem River is the vast area of the Bronx. From the Battery Point to the Harlem River is between nine and ten miles

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STAR- AND DRAGON-CLASS YACHTS COMPETE IN BOISTEROUS CONDITIONS AT THE START OF COWES WEEK : There were sixteen starters in the International Dragon Class on the first day, and a punishing race in hard weather was won by "Blue Skies," built, owned and sailed by Cowes men. The blustery south-west breeze had gusts of real weight, and on the first afternoon the courses were shortened to one round. There were a few minor mishaps here and there

COWES WEEK OPENS IN A GALE

Wild Weather at the Start of the Great Regatta

HOW TO SAIL IN A SOUTH-WESTER : This dramatic picture was taken as the two young members of the crew of a Star-class yacht sailed close-hauled, bringing every ounce of weight to bear as the craft heeled over. The racing in the smaller classes was of a high order

THE BIGGER YACHTS IN ACTION : The sloop "Little Astra," the competing against each other. These vessels provided to see "Bloodhound" and "Thanet" finishing one race under

COOL, CONFIDENT SEAMANSHIP: A competitor in the Star class heeling over when at speed. Her crew hold her perfectly balanced

Cowes Week of 1949 opened in boisterous conditions. The first day's racing was completed without undue mishap, but on August 2 the gale that blew up in the early hours of the morning, making the West Solent "a waste of white horses," made it necessary for the authorities first to send home the larger boats, then to hoist the "N" flag, cancelling the rest of the day's programme. There was some excellent racing, however, on the other days, and the Royal London Yacht Club's regatta attracted no fewer than 254 entries, excluding dinghies. This compares with close upon 200 entries in 1936, but it has to be remembered, of course, that the tonnage competing to-day is very much smaller. In these post-war years of short purses the smaller yachts are in the ascendant, and in the interests of the sport in general this is no doubt a salutary thing. There were, however, some keen contests among the bigger boats, and it was good to see those old favourites, *Thanet* and *Bloodhound*, fighting out the closest of finishes.

A CASUALTY IN THE SOLENT CLASS: "Quiet Time," after her mast had been broken in the middle of a race, being towed back to Cowes by the motor cruiser "Star Maiden"

sloop "Flica," the yawl "Bloodhound" and the cutter "Thanet" spectacular entertainment on the opening days and it was wonderful great press of sail and with only thirty seconds between them

THE HARD WEATHER SUITED THE BRITISH 6-METRE YACHTS: Including the three Americans, there were twelve boats in this class on the opening day and, after a grand thrash to windward, "Johan" and "Circe" led the Americans round the course. This class is now under sentence of death, for it is to be superseded by the 5.5-metre class

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON HIS ITALIAN HOLIDAY: The Conservative leader painting beside the shores of Lake Garda. He has two umbrellas to shade him from the burning Italian sun. After several days at Gardone, Mr. Churchill left for Carezza, 3,000 ft. up in the mountains, between Trento and Bolzano, one of the most beautiful Alpine resorts in Italy. He was due to return to Gardone last Saturday, preparatory to setting out for Strasbourg

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

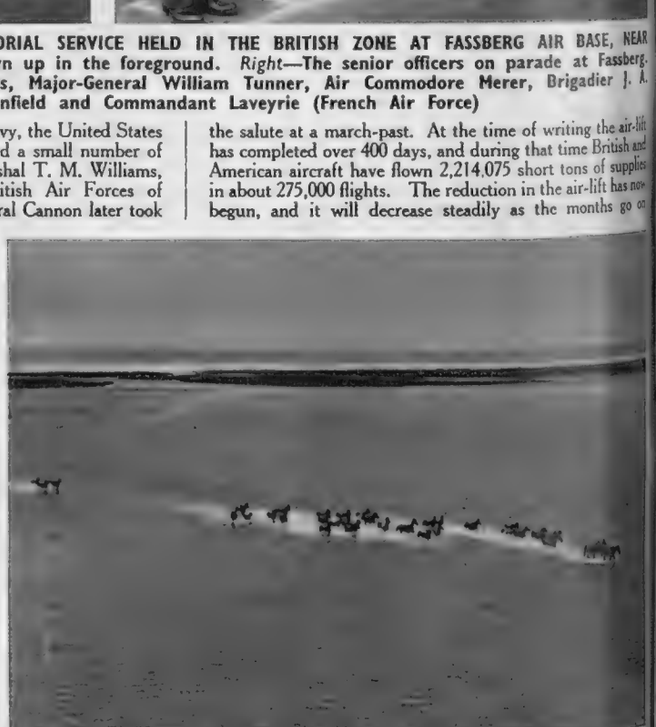
NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

KING ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN PAYS A VISIT TO JERUSALEM: The King (centre) leaving the Omar Mosque with members of his entourage after attending prayers. His Majesty was on a visit to Jerusalem as the guest of the former Mayor Ragib Bey Nashashibi. His visit coincided with the withdrawal by the Arab Legion from certain areas in Northern and Central Palestine in accordance with the terms of the armistice. All armistice adjustments between Israel and her neighbours have now been completed

HONOURING THOSE WHO DIED IN THE AIR-LIFT—THE JOINT BRITISH AND AMERICAN MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN THE BRITISH ZONE AT FASSBERG AIR BASE, NEAR HANOVER: *Left*—**The service in progress with a C 54, symbolic of the air-lift, drawn up in the foreground.** *Right*—**The senior officers on parade at Fassberg. They are (left to right)—Lieut.-General John J. Cannon, Air Marshal T. M. Williams, Major-General William Tunner, Air Commodore Merer, Brigadier J. A. Dawson, Brigadier-General E. H. Alexander, Lieut.-Colonel Schonfield and Commandant Laveyrie (French Air Force)**

Thirty-nine British, including passengers, and thirty-one Americans lost their lives during the Berlin air-lift, and at the recent joint memorial service at Fassberg their names were read out and the reading of the list was followed by half a minute's silence. About 1,800 officers and men of the British Army, the R.A.F., the United States Navy, the United States Air Force and the French Air Force and a small number of civilians attended the service. Air Marshal T. M. Williams, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, British Air Forces of Occupation, Germany, and Lieut.-General Cannon later took the salute at a march-past. At the time of writing the air-lift has completed over 400 days, and during that time British and American aircraft have flown 2,214,075 short tons of supplies in about 275,000 flights. The reduction in the air-lift has now begun, and it will decrease steadily as the months go on

HOW BERLIN REACTED TO THE JULY HEAT-WAVE: A great crowd on the beaches at Wannsee which has lost none of its pre-war popularity as a pleasure resort among the citizens of Berlin. Wannsee stands on the borders of the British and United States sectors. It is particularly thronged on Sunday afternoons



THE SEA-HORSES OF NORTH CAROLINA: A photographer flying over Gore Sound, near Morehead City, North Carolina, obtained this picture as a herd of wild horses, headed by a stallion, waded out into the Atlantic to cool off during the height of the recent heat-wave

IT COULD ONLY HAVE HAPPENED IN IRELAND : Butchers' assistants who have been on strike in Limerick, following the refusal of the Limerick butchers to agree to a rise in wages for their employees, have started their own meat shops and stalls. Here are two of them displaying their wares. The assistants outbid their former employers in the livestock sales, and they did such a roaring trade selling meat that when asked to attend a meeting in order to discuss the strike, a spokesman replied that they were too busy

PEOPLE TRAVELLED MILES TO ATTEND LIMERICK'S BARGAIN SHOP : There they were able to buy meat at lower prices than usual, and were served by some of the butchers' assistants who have been on strike

THE STRIKE OF THE PARIS MIDINETTES : *Left*—Some of the girls who came out for higher wages just as the Paris dress houses were about to display their autumn collections seen as they marched along the boulevards. They demand more money and holidays with pay. Several of the large dressmaking establishments postponed their showings, others attempted to carry on without the midinettes. As a result of the strike the mannequins were asked to lend a hand with sewing and stitching, and some of Maggy Rouff's slender young assistants are seen (*right*) as they worked outside her establishment

THE DENAZIFIED LUXURY YACHT "GRILLE" SAILS UP THE POTOMAC TO WASHINGTON : The 3,873-ton yacht, one of the finest private vessels of its kind and formerly the property of Hitler, is now on a visit to the Federal capital of the United States. The yacht, now the property of George Arida, Jnr., was bought by George Arida, Senr., Near East textile merchant and British Consul at Tripoli. On arrival in New York in June the *Grille* was exhibited on behalf of charity

ROME PREPARES FOR THE HOLY YEAR : After ten years of off-and-on construction the new railway terminal is now nearing completion. The station was started at the orders of Mussolini in 1938, and lay half-built during the war years. In 1947, when work was to be resumed, engineers called upon architects for a new façade to eliminate all traces of the Fascist regime. Work began again last January, and it is hoped that it will be finished by December, in time for the opening of the Holy Year and the arrival of the first pilgrims. A section of the station is, in fact, already in use

VALETTA DAYS

FLEET MOVEMENTS AT MALTA: THE FIRST LORD'S VISIT

THE BRITISH FRIGATE "SURPRISE" STEAMS INTO GRAND HARBOUR: On board the 1,600-ton warship was Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Hall, who was engaged on a four-day visit to the island in order to call on officials and tour naval installations. The *Surprise*, originally intended as a unit of the Bay class, was refitted with reduced armament and extra accommodation to serve as a Commander-in-Chief's yacht on the Mediterranean station

"PHŒBE" AND "LIVERPOOL" RETURN TO MALTA AFTER TAKING PART IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET REGATTA AT NAVARIN: *Left*—**The Dido-class cruiser "Phœbe," of 5,450 tons displacement, being greeted by families of members of the British Navy as she steamed into harbour. In the regatta she came in third, receiving 172 points.** *Right*—**H.M.S. "Liverpool," of the Southampton class, was first in the regatta with 200 points, and when she arrived at Malta she carried the cock emblem of supremacy on her forward gun-turret. The "Liverpool," a vessel of 9,100 tons, is the flagship of Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten**

A REINFORCEMENT FOR HONG KONG—THE BRITISH FRIGATE "ST. BRIDE'S BAY" LEAVING MALTA FOR THE FAR EAST, WHERE SHE WILL STRENGTHEN OUR FLEET OPERATING IN CHINA WATERS: The "St. Bride's Bay" belongs to the successful Bay class which has shown excellent sea-keeping qualities in spite of considerable top weight. It has been recorded on more than one occasion that Bay-class ships have ridden out China Sea typhoons without mishap

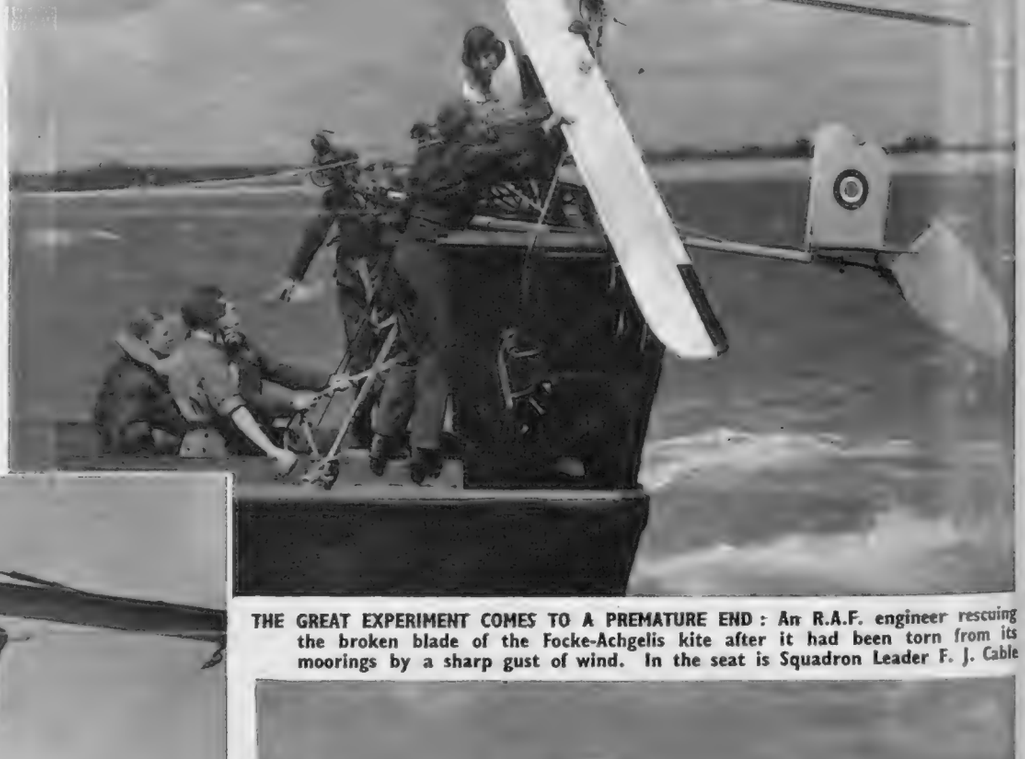
THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "JUNEAU" IN HARBOUR AT MALTA: The "Juneau," which is officially described as an "anti-aircraft cruiser," was on a five-day visit to the island, bringing Rear-Admiral Foskett for conferences with the British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Arthur Power. The "Juneau" was laid down in 1944 and completed in 1946, taking the place of a vessel of the same name lost during the war years. The "Juneau" has twelve 5-in. dual-purpose guns

THE KITE THAT FAILED

The U-boat Autogiro which Met with a Mishap at the Start of Trials on Southampton Water

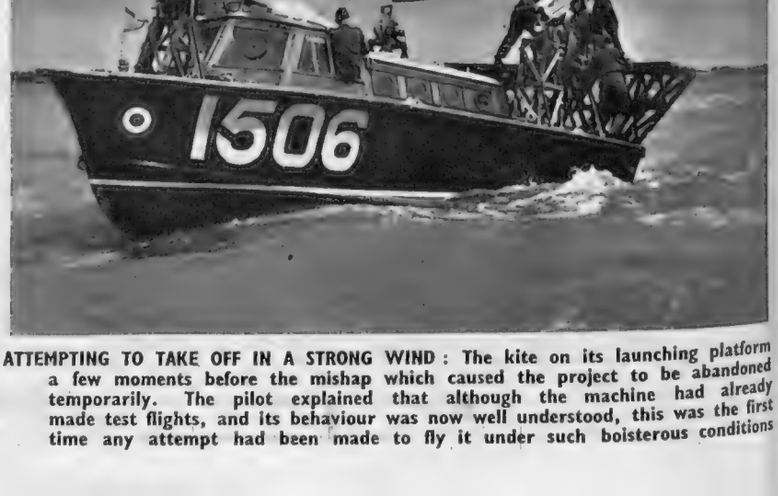
THE R.A.F. PREPARES TO TRY OUT THE FOCKE-ACHGELIS AUTOROTATIVE KITE: The kite, which was intended for use by German U-boats in spotting enemy concentrations and which has been brought to this country for testing, is seen in its take-off position at the rear of an R.A.F. launch. The experiment on Southampton Water did not take place, however, as a gust of wind caught the rotor as it was gaining momentum, and one of the blades was carried away

The Focke-Achgelis kite, which came to grief at the start of its tests on Southampton Water, was originally designed by the Germans to provide a well-positioned look-out for submarines dispersed along the routes likely to be used by Allied convoys. There is no evidence that the machines were ever used operationally by the Germans, but several were found in captured U-boats. About 200 of these autogiro gliders had been completed by Weser Flugzeugwerke of Delmenhorst at the end of the war. They are single-seat machines with an empty weight of 180 lb. The rotor diameter is 24 ft. and the whole contraption packs away in a box 6 ft. by 3 ft., with a depth of 3 ft. The kite, which is normally towed from a submarine deck by a steel cable working from a winch, would reach a height of about 200 ft. when tethered to about 500 ft. of cable. The pilot was connected to the submarine by telephone; and in the event of an alarm requiring the U-boat to crash-dive, he could release himself from the tow, probably saving the U-boat but at the same time placing himself in a predicament.



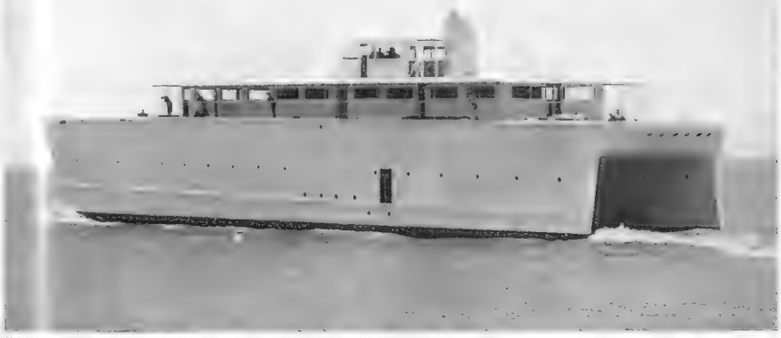
THE GREAT EXPERIMENT COMES TO A PREMATURE END: An R.A.F. engineer rescuing the broken blade of the Focke-Achgelis kite after it had been torn from its moorings by a sharp gust of wind. In the seat is Squadron Leader F. J. Cable

SQUADRON LEADER CABLE IN THE SEAT OF THE AUTOROTATIVE KITE: He is the helicopter test pilot at the Ministry of Supply Airborne Forces Experimental Establishment. About 200 of these autogiros were completed by Weser Flugzeugwerke of Delmenhorst before the end of the world war. They were designed to reach a height of about 200 ft.



ATTEMPTING TO TAKE OFF IN A STRONG WIND: The kite on its launching platform a few moments before the mishap which caused the project to be abandoned temporarily. The pilot explained that although the machine had already made test flights, and its behaviour was now well understood, this was the first time any attempt had been made to fly it under such boisterous conditions

THE "VENTURI" RUNS HER TRIALS: This unorthodox twin-hulled vessel which has been designed by Gar Wood, the former speedboat ace, on his estate at Fisher's Island, Florida, cruises at 26 knots



"THE SHIP WITHOUT A ROLL" TRAVELLING AT SPEED: Gar Wood's "Venturi" in action off the Florida coast. She has yet to be tried out in rough weather, but those who have seen the "Venturi" in action are impressed by her stability.

A SHIP FOR BAD SAILORS

Gar Wood's Twin-hulled Invention

The catamaran principle is not new in ship construction. It has, evidently, long been known to the Polynesians, and Funk and Wagnall's dictionary referred to it at the beginning of the century as "a very stable design for pleasure-boats." This idea of two parallel hulls bearing a cross-deck, with the air rushing through the tunnel between the hulls and acting as a stabilising force, has been adopted by Gar Wood, the American speedboat ace, in his new ship, the *Venturi*, which he calls the most stable craft in the world, largely eliminating seasickness. It is his opinion that a 16,000-ton craft on these lines could be built to carry 4,000 passengers at 38 knots.

THE "VENTURI" HAS AN ENGINE-ROOM IN EACH HULL: Here the engineers are at work in the port engine-room. The vessel is powered by four 1,200-h.p. "pancake" Diesel engines which give her a cruising range of 3,000 miles. The design allows of phenomenal speeds, and it is said that a 16,000-ton vessel on the same lines could achieve 38 knots

THE INVENTOR AT THE WHEEL: Gar Wood steering his ship, which, he says, is designed on the catamaran principle for long employed by the Polynesian islanders. Mr. Gar Wood has been engaged on the invention for the past twenty-eight years

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH HOLDS AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE AMID THE RUINS OF ST. BENET'S ABBEY, THE ONLY OLD MONASTIC HOUSE IN ENGLAND NOT ACTUALLY SUPPRESSED BY HENRY VIII: The Bishop, who journeyed by motor cruiser to the service, standing near the West Gatehouse of the Abbey on the Cowholme Marshes in the heart of the Norfolk Broads. This annual service for holiday-makers always attracts special interest for, despite its ruined state, St. Benet's continues to provide an income for the Bishops of Norwich. Until quite recent times Bishops of Norwich, when summoned to the House of Lords, were summoned in their capacity as Abbots of St. Benet's. At the rear of the Gatehouse ruins, seen in this picture, are the ruins of a marshland drainage mill

Ecclesiastical News

THE "UNDISSOLVED" ABBEY

The Bells of Burwash: Canterbury Receives a Royal Visit

The legendary early history of St. Benet's is that about A.D. 816 an anchorite named Suneman built a chapel there which was destroyed by the Danes forty years later. In 955 the chapel was re-established, and later received endowments from Canute, who is often described as its founder. The Norman kings and several Popes granted St. Benet's charters and one of its thirteenth-century monks, wrote a long list of local people who gave lands to the Abbey.

DEDICATING THE EIGHT BELLS AT BURWASH: The Bishop of Chichester performing the ceremony in the village church of St. Bartholomew before they were hoisted to their position in the tower. For some years before the war the six original bells, which then hung in the ancient Norman tower, were silent. To ring them endangered the tower, for they were hung in too light a frame. When they go back into place, it will be into a cast-iron and steel frame resting on a sub-frame of timber, itself bedded to a ferro-concrete ring bonded to the inside of the walls of the bell chamber in the tower. The whole will make so strong a belfry that it has been possible to add two new bells to the original six, thus bringing the number to eight. The new bells, a gift of Mr. C. W. Parish, the occupier of Rudyard Kipling's home, "Bateman's," will commemorate the men of Burwash who fell during the war. Each of the new bells is inscribed, and one carries the couplet: "Hearing me remember well, Burwash men who fought and fell"

THE "MITRED ABBOT" STEPS ASHORE: Dr. Percy Herbert, the Bishop of Norwich and the Abbot of St. Benet's, receiving his staff from a police officer on landing in the Cowholme Marshes after travelling six miles down the River Bure in the motor cruiser "Admiral Beatty"

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL — THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH ATTEND A SPECIAL SERVICE TO MARK THE JUBILEE APPEAL OF THE KENT COUNTY PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION: *Left*—**Their Royal Highnesses walking in procession behind the Archbishop on the way from the Palace to the Cathedral.** *Right*—**The Duke and Duchess being received by Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean, at the West Door. The Duke read the First Lesson at the service**

Canterbury, gay with decorations for its annual cricket week, gave a great reception to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh when they attended the Cathedral service. Police, indeed, had difficulty in keeping back the spectators as the Royal visitors walked in procession behind the Archbishop to the West Door of the Cathedral, where they were welcomed by the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, and members of the Chapter. Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop, in his address, said, "The place of sport can be exaggerated, over-developed in great competitive rivalries and exploited by the lower forms of financial interest. At the same time the natural place and common need for playing fields can be overlooked and very many young people are to-day denied any proper opportunities for all that games can give them. You can play games and still be empty-headed, anti-social, selfish and licentious."

THE MAYORS OF KENT PASS IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE ANCIENT CITY OF CANTERBURY TO THE CATHEDRAL: Together with members of the Canterbury Corporation, they were on their way to attend the special service in order to mark the Jubilee Appeal of the Kent County Council Playing Fields Association

THE CRICKETING DUKE

Prince Philip Plays for Mersham, Taking Three Wickets and Being Dismissed First Ball

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN ACTION: His Royal Highness, who is President of the M.C.C., bowling for the village team at Mersham le Hatch (near Ashford, Kent) during their match against the neighbouring village of Aldington. The Duke, who took three wickets for 27 runs, clean-bowled the Aldington slogger. The Duke takes an easy five paces up to the wicket, brings his arm well over and delivers a medium-paced ball. His length is variable. One critic has described him as "the ideal type of village player, wasting no time and making no fuss." The Duke's intention to play in the match was a badly-guarded local secret. There were 800 spectators

THE DUKE IS OUT L.B.W. FIRST BALL: Walking from the wicket after being given out in his innings for Mersham le Hatch. The Duke and Princess Elizabeth (who watched the match) were spending the week-end with Lord Brabourne at Mersham. Lord Brabourne kept wicket for the home team. He is also a useful bat

WHEN MERSHAM WERE FIELDING: The Duke of Edinburgh, on his way to his place in the field. On the left is the Duke's host, Lord Brabourne, who is the Mersham wicketkeeper. The Mersham ground, which lies within the grounds of Lord Brabourne's residence at Mersham, was laid out by his father

THE DUKE AS BOWLER AND AS SPECTATOR: *Left*—In action during the Aldington innings in which he took three wickets. *Right*—Watching Mersham bat. Princess Elizabeth and Lady Brabourne are both seated behind the Duke, and in the midst of a great gathering of spectators. The Duke, as President of the M.C.C. and of the National Playing Fields Association, has been indefatigable in his fostering of the summer game in the present season. During his days in the Navy he was a regular player, and turned out for Corsham while instructing on the N.C.O.s' course there

CROWNING THE BARD

The Climax of the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod

The subject of the poem set for competitors for the Bardic Crown this year was "Merioneth," which was appropriate enough, as the Eisteddfod was held this year at Dolgelly, in Merionethshire. The works of thirteen entrants were acclaimed by the adjudicators as up to the high standard required by the contest, and there was the usual atmosphere of tensity and excitement when the time came to announce the winner of the Bardic Crown for 1949. The Rev. William Morris read extracts from the three best poems, and finally announced the *nom de plume* of the winner. The successful Bard, who was then escorted to the stage by members of the Gorsedd of Bards, was Mr. J. E. Jones (John Eilian), a former programme director of the B.B.C. in Wales and at present the managing editor of a group of newspapers.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE AT DOLGELLY: The Bards walking in procession to the Gorsedd, at the opening of the Welsh National Eisteddfod which, despite the rain, attracted one of the largest first-day audiences ever known. The opening ceremony was performed by the Archdruid, Will Ifan

THE ARCHDRUID OF WALES ADDRESSES THE COMPANY: Will Ifan speaking to the Assembly as the Druids behind him held up the Sword of Peace. Strange as it may seem, it was only in 1819 that the Gorsedd, with its rites, came for the first time into the framework of the Eisteddfod

WALES CROWNS A NEW BARD: Mr. J. E. Jones, of Llansantffraid, known in Bardic circles by the name of "John Eilian," receives the supreme honour of the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod at the hands of the Archdruid, Will Ifan. Mr. Jones is not a newcomer to Bardic honours, for he won the Bardic Chair in 1947

THE COLOURFUL RITUAL OF THE ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: *Left*—Victor Jobling, of Barry, sounds the trumpet calling the Bards to the circle. *Right*—The traditional procession crossing the bridge at Dolgelly. On the second day no fewer than 15,000 people attended the Eisteddfod, and on the first two days the gross takings amounted to half the cost of the committee's commitments, leaving four days to raise the remaining sum of £3,500

REBUILDING LONDON'S BLITZED DOCKLAND

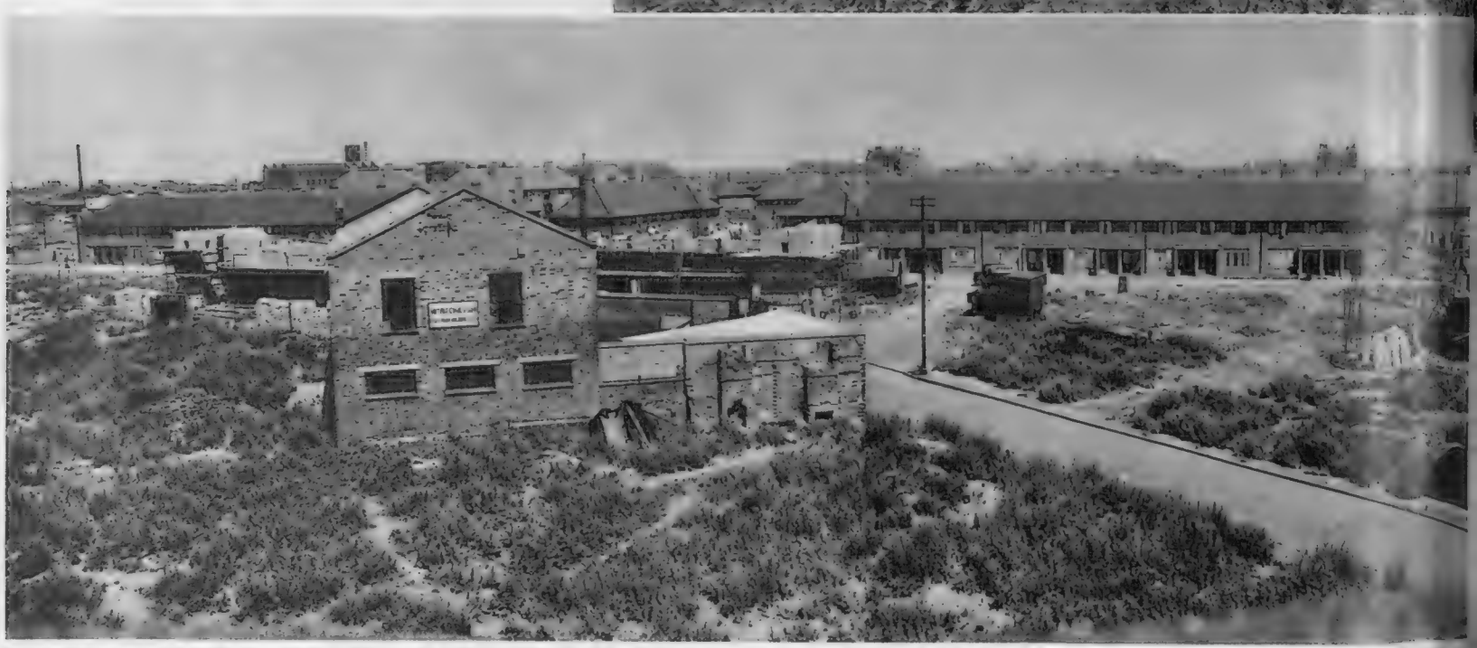
West Ham Rebuilds on the "Neighbourhood Unit" System, and the Tidal Basin Takes Shape as a Garden City

The total number of houses in London destroyed or damaged during the Second World War was 242,764, and of these a vast proportion was in the East End, where the Luftwaffe concentrated upon the elimination of Dockland. West Ham was a particularly hard-hit borough, more than one-quarter of its houses being destroyed, together with seventeen of its seventy-one schools. Every one of the rest of the schools was damaged, and the pre-war population of 270,000 was widely dispersed.

To-day a new West Ham is rising on the site of the blitzed borough, and, appropriately enough, some of the finest rebuilding work is being done in the Tidal Basin area which is now growing into a bright, modern residential district in which overcrowding will be a thing of the past. The contrasting pictures on these pages show the blitzed area confronting the planners, and the way in which they have built upon it in the past three years, planning the roads upon spacious lines and the groups of houses in "neighbourhood units."

The new West Ham will consist in all of sixteen townships, each of 10,000 people. This idea of the "neighbourhood unit," one which the late Professor Charles Reilly advanced with such enthusiasm, takes the place of the straggling unplanned development of the years between the wars. It has aroused the admiration of many other European countries, and only recently a party of Swedish architects which came over here to study what Britain is doing in these post-war years in the realm of urban development, was surprised and impressed by the nature of the County of London Plan, and particularly the redevelopment of blitzed Dockland.

The question that some people may ask is: "Will West Ham drift back towards slumdom, or, taking pride in her new amenities, will she indeed become the garden city for which the architects hope?" Except to those who are wedded permanently to the "coal-in-the-bath theory," the answer is not in doubt, for time and time again in these post-war years families have shown the ability to live up to their new environment.



ONE OF THE NEW "NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS" ON THE TIDAL BASIN ESTATE IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S DOCKLAND: This picture, taken from exactly the same angle as that reproduced above on right, shows the progress of post-war rebuilding. The intention is to build in West Ham sixteen self-contained "neighbourhood units" which will have an average population of 10,000. Each unit will have its own school, community centre and park, playing fields, shopping centre, library and church. In 1939 the population of the borough was 270,000, but the new West Ham is replanned to have a maximum of 165,000 people

A NEW ESTATE RISES NEAR THE ROYAL VICTORIA DOCKS: One of the "neighbourhood units" of West Ham, showing the spacious nature of the new scheme which allows of a big reduction in the density of population per acre. Flats for old people, side by side with modern villas, are among the new amenities in Tidal Basin

THIS WAS THE TIDAL BASIN AREA, ONE OF THE WORST-BLITZED DISTRICTS OF DOCKLAND, AS IT APPEARED IN JUNE 1946 WHEN THE GREAT TASK OF RECONSTRUCTION WAS PUT IN HAND: A comparison with the picture reproduced below on the left, shows what has been achieved in the past three years of intensive building in accordance with the general provisions of the County of London Plan. Slum dwellings, which survived the blitz, are to be pulled down

THIS WAS THE WEST HAM OF PRE-WAR DAYS: Closely-packed streets such as this still exist, but gradually they will be eliminated as the new "neighbourhood units" come to take their place. Back-to-back houses, comparable with those in Glasgow, the North Country and South Wales, are not frequent in West Ham

A SPACIOUS ROAD CUTS THROUGH THE HEART OF DOCKLAND: One of the estates in the Tidal Basin area. On the right is a block of flats. Along the street on the left are houses grouped in fours

THE GARDENS ARE TAKING SHAPE: One of the new residents of Tidal Basin trimming her lawn. Some houses have been occupied for over a year

THE U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF ARRIVE AT NORTHOLT: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder and Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, greet Mr. Julius Holmes, General Hoyt Vandenburg (Air), and General Bradley (Army). The visiting American Chiefs of Staff flew to England in President Truman's aircraft *Independence* to discuss the organisation for defence in relation to the North Atlantic Treaty. Field Marshal Montgomery, Chief of the Brussels Treaty Defence Committee, also arrived to represent the military organisation of Western Union. The Chiefs of Staff also met Chiefs of the Norwegian and Danish military forces before leaving for Paris

LORD TEDDER MEETS ADMIRAL LOUIS DENFELD AS HE LEAVES PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S "INDEPENDENCE" AT NORTHOLT: With General Omar Bradley, General Vandenburg and Major-General A. M. Gruenther, Director of the United States Joint Staffs, Admiral Denfeld flew from Frankfurt for the Defence talks

THE FOLK-DANCE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: The scene in the market square last week, when many American visitors joined the crowd to watch the dances organised by the English Folk Dance and Song Society. Dancing took place in various parts of the town

The Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

JOURNEY'S END: Mrs. Margaret Jones, of Cowbridge, Glamorgan, made the 900-mile journey from John o' Groats to Land's End on horseback. She started on Charmain, a mare, but, unfortunately, had an accident after the first 100 miles. She then changed to another mare named Argo, on which she finished the journey. Argo was so quiet that Mrs. Jones was able to pass the time by reading murder stories en route!

BASKET-MAKING IN THE WEST COUNTRY: Charles White, William Price and Reginald White, of Charles Martin's band of basket-makers, have an audience of two young holiday-makers as they weave baskets at Braunton, in Devon. The West Country industry of basket-weaving is on the way to becoming a dead industry. Now young people will no longer go into it. It is many years now since forty men were employed at Blackwell and Sons' basket works founded in 1852, where Charles Martin learned the trade. With no new blood coming into the industry and fifty-five as the average age of his workers, it is estimated that the industry will be extinct in ten years. The average wage of the team is £5. Materials cost much more now—a bundle of willow cost 8s. 6d. before the war; to-day's price is 22s. 5d. Before the war Martin could supply rustic baskets for bazaars at £1 for seventeen, carriage paid. They are now 4s. 6d. each. A craftsman can make two big baskets a day, selling at £2 or £3. Charles Martin is worried about foreign competition. He believes that it may completely swamp the small West Country industry with cheap-price articles when imports are free. Basket-weaving is probably one of our smallest import dollar industries. Martin sends £100 worth of basket chairs to America every year

AN ENTHUSIAST OPERATES HIS OWN ELECTRIC TRAM: Mr. Claude Lane of New Barnet has always had the urge to drive electric trams and has occasionally driven Blackpool Corporation trams for which he holds an official licence. Now he has designed and had built an electric tram of his own which can be moved around and operated at various places. The tram is 7 ft. 10 ins. ground to rooftop, and 13 ft. 6 ins. long. It will carry sixteen to twenty passengers, according to their size. A portable electric power plant accompanies the tram, which recently made its first run at Barnet. The tramway gauge is similar to the Hythe-Dungeness Railway, and Mr. Lane hopes to get permission to drive his tram on the rails

"GET IT CUT!" ROARS THE R.S.M.: R.S.M. Brittain, of the Coldstream Guards, becomes a film star and objects to the length of the actors' hair. Two Cities Films are making a film about the Guards, called *They Were Not Divided*. Unlike most of its predecessors, it is being filmed at Caterham and acted by Guardsmen. It has been written and is being directed by Terence Young, who was an officer with the Guards during the war. All the professional actors are ex-Servicemen, the remainder are professional soldiers

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR WATCHES TANK EXERCISES IN WALES: Dressed in denims, Mr. Shinwell addresses men of the 1st Liverpool Scottish and the 40th Royal Tank Regiment after they had gone through special exercises at Castle Martin, in South Wales. In the morning Mr. Shinwell visited the Army Cadet Force camp at Penally, where he saw cadets from Glamorgan and Radnor under training

THE BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM LEAVE SOUTHAMPTON ON BOARD THE "CARONIA": Mrs. K. E. Menzies; Mrs. Blair; Mrs. B. Hilton; Miss Quertier; Mrs. Walker-Smith; and Miss K. Tuckey sailed for the United States last week as members of the British team for the Wightman Cup, which will be played on September 9th and 10th at Philadelphia. The United States has held the Cup for eighteen years

FRIENDLY RIVALS FOR THE CROSS-CHANNEL STAKES: From left to right are Elna Anderson, the Danish swimmer, who made unsuccessful attempts both last year and the year before; Shirley France, the attractive American sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, whose first attempt this will be; Philip Mickman, eighteen-year-old British schoolboy, who failed on his recent first attempt, and Mrs. Willi Croes van Rijsel, a Dutchwoman, who failed recently by only 1½ miles

A FLYING START BY JET-ROCKET-ASSISTED PROPULSION: Ken Le Breton gets well ahead of Tommy Price from the start in a test at the Wembley Speedway, assisted by the lower of the two jet-rocket units. Scientists from the I.C.I. Nobel Research Division have now perfected the rockets for Johnny Hoskins, head of Scottish Speedways. Each rocket develops about 60-lb. thrust for three seconds, giving greatly increased acceleration by adding power to the J.A.P. engine. Last week two machines made an attempt on the Wembley track one-lap flying-start record

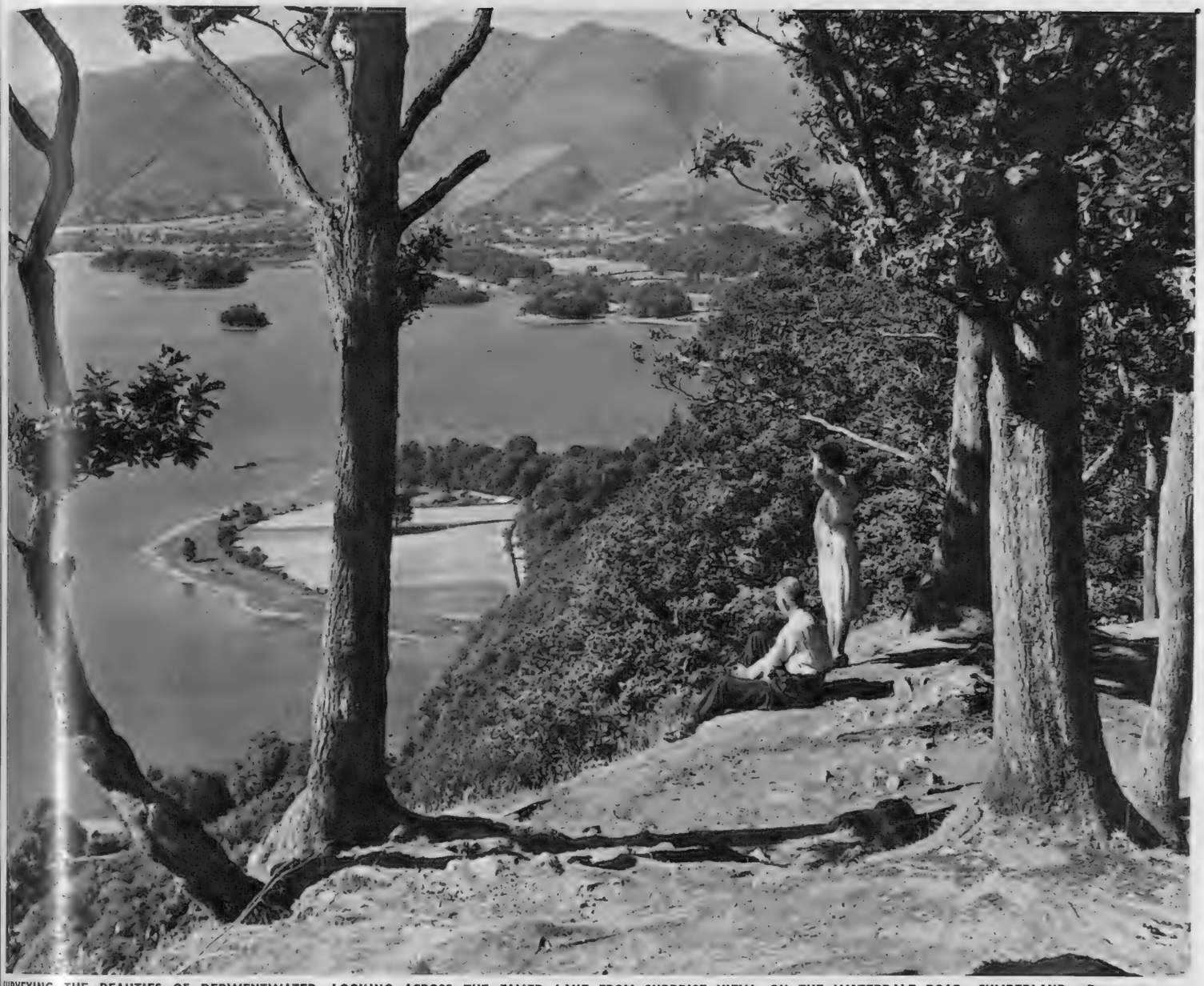
AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE M.C.C.: Harold Larwood behind the counter of his sweets and tobacco shop in Caunce Street, Blackpool, after his invitation to become a member of the M.C.C. in recognition of his services to cricket. Forty-four-year-old Harold Larwood, the former England and Nottingham fast bowler, and instigator of body-line bowling, has retired from big cricket and rarely even watches the game nowadays, although he is a regular spectator at Blackpool football matches. He was one of the twenty-six retired professional cricketers who received invitations by the M.C.C. to become honorary members. It was reported recently that he was considering an offer to take up a job as cricket coach in Australia

VIEWING THE SUMMER SPLENDOURS OF RYDAL FROM THE LOWER SLOPES OF 'A LAKELAND FELL: To-day Lakeland is seen in all its summer glory. The hint of autumn is there in the sharp mornings and the crystal-clear nights, but as yet the leaves are green, and summer reigns serene. This year is the centenary of the death of Hartley Coleridge, that sincere and graceful poet, who lived at Nab Cottage, on the high road skirting the north shore of Rydal. It was at this same cottage that de Quincey resided a generation earlier

AUGUST DAYS

BY THE LAKE AND BY THE SEA

HARVESTING OATS BY THE NORTH DEVON SHORE: A reaper in action on the slopes at Lester Point, above Combe Martin Bay. The potent sun of late July brought the crop to maturity some three weeks earlier than usual in this part of Devon, and as a result local farming folk spent their August Bank Holiday in the fields. Combe Martin is a veritable paradise for those who enjoy a walking holiday, and its quiet coves have retained their unspoilt loveliness



SURVEYING THE BEAUTIES OF DERWENTWATER—LOOKING ACROSS THE FAMED LAKE FROM SURPRISE VIEW, ON THE WATERDALE ROAD, CUMBERLAND : Derwentwater, 2¾ miles long and 1¼ miles wide, is perhaps the loveliest of all the English lakes. The wooded crags and green hills rising from its banks are picturesquely varied, and the grouping of its islets has appealed to generations of artists. The largest islands are Derwent Isle, which has a house on it, and Lord's Isle, the site of a mansion of the Earls of Derwentwater, the last of whom was executed for his not inconsiderable share in the Jacobite rising of 1715

HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE SHORE AT LYME REGIS, THE QUAINT OLD DORSET TOWN WHICH ATTRACTS THE FAMILY VISITOR : It was at the old stone pier at Lyme Regis that the Duke of Monmouth landed in 1685, but that same pier probably has an equal claim to fame as the scene of Louisa Musgrove's accident in "Persuasion." Lyme Regis was a flourishing port up to the Middle Ages and in Tudor times, but it began to decline when the textile industries went north

THE ROMAN FINDS AT LULLINGSTONE

Villas of the Second and Fourth Centuries, and Busts in a Secret Hiding-place

Since the early part of this year Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Meates and his band of helpers have been making a thrilling series of discoveries on the site of two Roman villas at Eynsford, Kent—discoveries which reached a climax last month when the diggers revealed a secret hiding-place containing some fine statuary in Carrara marble. The theory advanced by Lieut.-Colonel Meates is that the dwellers in the second-century villa were alarmed for some reason, possibly on account of a local rising by the British, and hid their treasures away, sealing the entrance to the chamber. "It is clear," he says, "that from the end of the second century to the fourth century the existence of this 'hide' was unknown, otherwise these works of art would have been rifled."

In the fourth century a magnificent new Roman villa was built on the Lullingstone site, probably for an important Roman official and members of his household, and it was in this villa, later destroyed by fire, that the remarkably complete magnificent mosaics were brought to light. One of the mosaics depicts the Pope of Europa by Jupiter, and another represents Bellerephon mounted on the winged horse Pegasus, with representations of the four seasons. It is probable that the busts have lain undisturbed for eighteen centuries. The two complete busts found so far are in excellent condition, even to the elegant marble curls in their hair.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA BY JUPITER, THE MAGNIFICENT MOSAIC FOUND IN THE ROMAN VILLA AT LULLINGSTONE PARK, NEAR EYNSFORD, KENT, WHERE A BAND OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORKERS HAS MADE A SERIES OF IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES: Last April pieces of pottery, bronze, coins and a few small bones came to light, but since then the finds have increased in importance, culminating last month in the discovery of Roman busts in a secret hiding-place

LEADING THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL PARTY AT LULLINGSTONE: Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Meates, who has conducted the digging party, with Mr. Ernest Greenfield and a number of helpers. They have discovered two villas on the site, one of the second century and another of the fourth century. The mosaic floor is part of the later villa. The busts belonged to the owner of the first villa

BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN A SEALED HIDING-PLACE: The bust of an unknown Roman, probably of the second century A.D., and a bust of the Roman Emperor Antoninus Pius (138-161) found in a hiding-place at the Lullingstone villa. The entrance to the chamber lay down a flight of stone steps and was sealed

THE HEADLESS BUST OF A WOMAN: This is another of the finds made in the secret hiding-place. The archæologists at work at Lullingstone hope that if they find the head it will reveal the features of Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius

THE "VIKINGS" IN THE CITY

The Danish Visitors Row up the Thames

After the tremendous reception meted out to them at the Kent coast resorts, Broadstairs, Margate and Ramsgate, the modern Vikings, who rowed over from Denmark to celebrate the 1,500th anniversary of the landings of Hengist and Horsa, came up the Thames to the City of London. On Bank Holiday they were greeted at Greenwich by the chairman of the London County Council, and in the afternoon vast crowds watched them row from Tower Bridge to Richmond, there to face yet another civic reception. Even then the tide of hospitality was still flowing. One of their last engagements was a civic luncheon in the City of London, when the members of the crew of the *Hugin* were received at Guildhall by the Acting Lord Mayor, and the final engagement was aboard the sloop *Wellington*, on the Thames, where they were the guests of the Master Mariners' Company, the Anglo-Danish Society and the English-Speaking Union.

THE RECEPTION AT THE GUILDHALL IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir Percy Greenaway, the Acting Lord Mayor of London, speaking at the luncheon attended by members of the crew of the *Hugin*. Seated on his right hand is Eric Kiersgaard, the leader of the Vikings. On the table in front of them lay a horn which was captured from Vikings in ancient days when they landed in some part of Scotland

THE VIKING SHIP "HUGIN" ON THE WAY UP THE THAMES FROM TOWER BRIDGE TO RICHMOND—AN EVENT WHICH THRILLED THE BANK HOLIDAY CROWDS WHO LINED THE BRIDGES AND THE RIVERBANKS TO GREET HER: This aerial view shows the "Hugin" shooting Blackfriars Bridge shortly after the start of the journey

THE ARRIVAL AT GREENWICH AND THE JOURNEY UP THE THAMES TO RICHMOND: *Left*—The "invaders" being greeted by the Chairman of the London County Council, Mr. J. W. Bowen. *Right*—The "Hugin," with her mast laid across the stern, leaving Tower Bridge en route for Richmond on August Bank Holiday. An escort of canoes paddled by Special Service Troops of the Artists Rifles accompanied the vessel on her journey up the tideway. Above Westminster Bridge appeared an unexpected diversion, when students from St. Thomas's, daubed with blue dye, attempted to intercept the Viking ship. Their whaler was quickly towed aside by one of the accompanying police launches. For a few minutes the "Hugin" stood-to while her crew brandished spears

FESTIVAL TIME at EDINBURGH and MALVERN

What it Means to the City and the Town

By CHARLES GRAVES

MAX REINHARDT certainly started something when he inaugurated the Salzburg Festival just after World War I. In fact, the Salzburg Festival has continued ever since, though one hears little about it to-day, and the road was left wide open for the Edinburgh Festival to steal its laurels and add to them.

It is estimated that at least 60,000 visitors went to Edinburgh last year and the year before—1947 was the first year of the Festival—and spent over £500,000. This year there are six different programmes of ballets, two operas, five plays and six different orchestras each giving anything from two to six different performances during the three weeks between August 22 and September 11. Simultaneously every night there will be presentations of ballet, opera, two different dramas and a big concert. Three times a week there will be a play starting at 11 p.m. and continuing until nearly 1 a.m. There will also be a concert every morning and, most evenings, a small concert in addition to the big one.

So vast is the enterprise that even if every one of the 250,000 tickets are sold the guarantors will show a paper loss—the guarantors being the City Corporation of Edinburgh, the Arts Council and a private syndicate. Against this, the hotels, shopkeepers and almost everybody else engaged in commerce will benefit to a considerable degree from the influx of visitors.

Officially, the credit for starting the Edinburgh Festival in 1947 goes jointly to the then Lord Provost Sir John Falconer, Mr. Harvey Wood, the Scottish chief of the British Council, the Christies of Glyndebourne, Sir Andrew Murray, Lady Rosebery, Mr. Murray Watson, the editor of the *Scotsman*, and Rudolf Bing. Actually one can guess that the last-named deserves the lion's share of the credit.

For years Mr. Rudolf Bing was associated with the Glyndebourne Festival, and now he has been appointed general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. This, therefore, will be the last time that he acts as artistic director to the Edinburgh Festival. Mr. Bing's interest in music in general and opera in particular is shown by the promised appearance of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli and Eugene Goossens conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Ian Whyte and Ernest Bloch conducting the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, and Henri Cluytens conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. He, too, is primarily responsible for the Glyndebourne Opera Company.

A glance at the résumé of programmes shows that it will be physically impossible for any one person to see and hear everything on the programme. Too much is taking place simultaneously from the opening service of praise and thanksgiving in St. Giles's Cathedral on August 21, to the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, which brings the Festival to an end late on Sunday, September 11, at the Usher Hall.

Drama is represented by two world premières—a modern comedy by T. S. Eliot and *Coast of Illyria*, by Dorothy Parker and Ross Evans—with Goethe's *Faust* acted in German by the Dusseldorf Theatre on the occasion of the bi-centenary of the author's birth.

In addition to all this and the Jacques Orchestra, the Busch Quartette and the Prague Trio, films from all over the world will be shown at the Third International Festival of Documentary Films, with displays of piping and dancing by units of Scottish Command, an exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, an International Photographic Salon and the greatest Industrial Fair ever held in Scotland.

In the meantime, the Malvern Festival has just opened—for the first time in ten years. The Malvern Festival is much less grandiose and confines itself entirely to drama. It began in 1929 as a purely Shaw Festival on the lines of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, with the additional object, of course, of attracting visitors to spend at least part of their holidays in the local hotels. Unfortunately, Bernard Shaw was unable to produce a new play in 1930 to follow *The Apple Cart*, with which the original Festival began in 1929. However, James Bridie came to the rescue and a mixed bag of drama was presented. Since then over sixty plays have been given, twenty by Bernard Shaw—of which eight received their first public performance in England. This year G.B.S. will be represented by the revival of *The Apple Cart, In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, and his new play, *Buoyant Billions*. The three other plays are: *The Tressinghams* (world première), by Lewis Wood, *The Stars Bow Down*, by Gordon Daviot (world première), and the first performance of *Max*, by Denis Cannan.

The Malvern Festival, which is dedicated to Bernard Shaw, began last Monday (August 8) and continues for four weeks. The six plays will be performed consecutively each week, so that visitors can see all of them in six nights and do not need to stay on longer to "do" the whole Festival.

In addition to the plays, there will be a series of Tea-Time Talks in the Winter Gardens, among the speakers being the Astronomer Royal, who will talk about Isaac Newton (who figures in Shaw's *King Charles*). Foyles will transfer their Literary Luncheon on August 25 to Malvern. There will be daily performances at the Marionette Theatre, which will include a new dialogue specially written for the marionettes by Bernard Shaw.

The charm of the Malvern Festival is not, however, confined to these purely dramatic highlights. Like Salzburg, Malvern aims at providing cultivated leisure in a kind of country-house atmosphere. Physically, everything is very compact, with the theatre, hotels and Winter Gardens all so close to each other that visitors to the Festival at once become conscious of the intimate atmosphere. Every morning the colonnade behind the theatre is crowded with the less well-known and the autograph-hunters who gather there to drink coffee, scrape acquaintance with the celebrities and discuss the previous night's play.

Many leading actors and actresses like Dame Edith Evans, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Elizabeth Bergner, Robert Donat, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir Cedric Hardwicke have performed at Malvern. This year Frances Day will appear, surprisingly enough, not only in *The Apple Cart*, but also in *Buoyant Billions*. Ernest Thesiger will play King Charles. Dermott Walsh and Sylvia Coleridge will also appear in the enlarged theatre.

It was real bad luck, of course, that Malvern was selected by the Government as the headquarters of the Radar boffins. True, it was thanks to them that World War II was largely won on the playing-fields of Malvern rather than on the playing-fields of Eton, but the hotels were de-requisitioned so slowly that it is only now, four years after the war, that the Festival has been able to get going once more. This enforced break, during which the Edinburgh Festival has come into being, is bound to leave its mark on the attendances this year. Once a habit has been broken it takes some time to restore it. Bravely enough, the City of Malvern had, however, kept a skeleton organisation in being, and faces with equanimity the knowledge that over £15,000 had been spent before the curtain went up this week.

As with Edinburgh, there is sure to be a paper loss, but local tradesmen will benefit to a marked degree and thousands of visitors can be expected from all over the world. In these days of austerity, Malvern can offer a feast of good things for the eyes and ears, even though rationing does not permit of a similar offering to the stomach. The unspoiled countryside, the historic monuments, the ancient buildings, the old grey manor houses, the tranquil villages exert all their former spell. Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, Evesham, Ross-on-Wye, Broadway and the Cotswolds are all within an hour's run from Malvern, and can be visited comfortably during the day.

Bernard Shaw himself will not be there. His last visit was in 1937. He feels that he is too old for the inevitable mobbing which he would receive. Before the war he planted a mulberry tree during the 1937 Festival, attended all the rehearsals, and generally cracked gags in front of the delighted visitors, who for a small fee become members of the Festival Club.

Dancing and music will take place every night after the stage shows, and there is even a licensed buffet. The whole Festival is, however, on a much smaller scale than the Edinburgh affair.

MALVERN, THE FESTIVAL TOWN: Looking down from the heights towards the Worcestershire plain. The Malvern Festival, which is now in full swing, was founded twenty years ago by Sir Barry Jackson and Roy Limbert. It had to be abandoned during the war years because Malvern became a "top-secret" centre of radar research

THE WINTER GARDENS THEATRE, MALVERN, FOCAL-POINT OF THE FESTIVAL: Among the plays being presented this year is Shaw's new production, "Buoyant Billions"

YE OLDE COACHING HOUSE: A picturesque scene on the steeply-sloping main street of the Worcestershire Festival town, which offers so many scenic attractions for the visitor

To the traveller leaving Worcester and the Severn behind and striking westward, the approach to Malvern is not particularly inspiring. At first sight Malvern is not unlike any other residential town in the West Midlands, with neat and dignified villas and the inevitable crop of preparatory schools, and residential hotels and boarding-houses. Once in the winding main street, however, the atmosphere changes. On these higher slopes the air is invigorating, almost intoxicating, some say, and it is this sense of exhilaration which seems to pervade the annual festival of drama, now celebrating its twentieth anniversary, though not its twentieth year. In the eleven seasons before the war sixty-five plays by some forty dramatists were presented at Malvern, and many of the great seventeenth-century plays were revived with success, among them Jonson's *Volpone* and Dryden's *All For Love*.

THE RETURN OF PAUL MUNI

In "Death of a Salesman" at the Phœnix Theatre; "The Beaux' Stratagem" Reprieved by the Weather; Ronald Jeans' New Comedy at the Savoy Theatre

PAUL MUNI RETURNS TO THE LONDON STAGE IN ARTHUR MILLER'S BROADWAY SUCCESS, "DEATH OF A SALESMAN," AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE: Left to right are Kevin McCarthy as Biff; Katharine Alexander as Linda; Frank Maxwell as Happy and Paul Muni as Willy Loman, the salesman whose last twenty-four hours mark the span of the play

Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* concerns a father-son problem, as did his *All My Sons*, which was produced in London last year. *Death of a Salesman* is the story of the last twenty-four hours in the life of an American commercial traveller; a failure who has always talked big and who, finally, is sacked from his job and ends his life in a suicide, whereby he hopes that his family will obtain the life insurance. Paul Muni makes a pathetic figure of the salesman whose ambition is to be "not liked but well-liked" in every town he visits. The play is produced by Elia Kazan with a setting by Jo Mielziner.

THE LONDON AND NEW YORK PRODUCER OF "DEATH OF A SALESMAN": Elia Kazan won fame at an early age, and is now a leading Broadway producer. He has also won the film Academy Award for his direction of "Gentleman's Agreement"

REPRIEVED BY THE WEATHER: John Clements gives a party on the stage of the Lyric Theatre to celebrate the 100th performance of "The Beaux' Stratagem" and the continuation of its run, which was to have ended because of the heat-wave. The long hot spell was a bad period for the London theatre and many established successes looked like coming to an end through lack of support. *The Beaux' Stratagem* was saved at the eleventh hour by the break in the weather last week, when audiences immediately picked up. In the picture above John Clements drinks a toast to the ladies—Iris Russell, Kay Hammond and Gwen Cherrell

On right—
RONALD JEANS' LATEST COMEDY, "YOUNG WIVES' TALE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: Joan Haythorne acts as referee in an argument between Naunton Wayne and Joan Greenwood (right). This domestic comedy concerns two young married couples sharing a house at the "wrong end" of St. John's Wood. Present-day housing and other shortages are the subject of much of the humour, and Joan Greenwood has the rewarding part of a young wife whose attractions must atone for her domestic inefficiencies

The World of Books

PIERPONT MORGAN: LAST of the GRANDEES

A New Biography of the Wall Street Financier who Bestrode America at the Turn of the Century

WHAT sort of a man was the great John Pierpont Morgan, that grandee of American finance, in his day the most influential banker in the world, whose enormous transactions in the last years of the nineteenth century and before the First World War were the talk of the Western World? John K. Winkler's lively *Morgan the Magnificent*, published in 1931, was entertaining enough, but it was hardly a mine of well-verified information, while Herbert L. Satterlee's biography was rich enough in evidence as to personal matters, but probably grossly flattering. Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* went to the opposite extreme in assessing Morgan, as it seldom gave him credit for any laudable intentions whatsoever. Frederick Lewis Allen, author of THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN (Gollancz: 15s.), has, with the perspective that time brings and with the aid of a certain maturity of mind, now attempted a balanced appraisal of the best-known of all the Wall Street financiers. In what he chooses to call a "biographical triangulation," surveying his subject from several angles and viewpoints, rather in the manner of Joseph Hergesheimer and his fabulous *Citizen Kane*, Mr. Allen sets about his formidable task of presenting a formidable personality. How far he has succeeded remains a matter for conjecture; that he has attempted to eliminate time-embroidered legend and personal bias is beyond question, and it is no less certain that he has written a biography of fascinating interest. John Pierpont Morgan was born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1837, after the Jacksonian Revolution and before the War of Secession. As a young man he played no part in the tragic struggle between the States, preferring, like many another affluent youth in his day, to buy himself a substitute to take his place in the line of battle. The young Pierpont did not lack courage, however, and it redounds to his credit that in 1861 he married the girl of his choice, Amelia Sturges, despite the news that she had contracted tuberculosis, and brought her to the altar when she was so weak that she could not stand alone. "Mimi" died a little over four months after the wedding, and Morgan returned from the Mediterranean to New York to embark on a career of uninterrupted financial success. We first hear of him after the Civil War as a representative of the British shareholders in the over-capitalised, fast developing railroads streaking into the western hinterland, then as the peacemaker among warring railroad interests, and later, in the midst of the great depression of the '90's, as the reorganiser of the bankrupt lines. Speedily Morgan became a power in the land. In 1895, when the administration of Grover Cleveland was in dire straits owing to the rapid drain upon America's gold and the dangers were so great "that men only dared whisper them," Mr. Allen shows how Pierpont Morgan and his banker colleagues came to the rescue like knights of old. Or did they come like buccaneers in disguise? Certain it is that for accommodating the Government vast millions poured into the coffers of the rescuers. After that there was no stopping the onward march of the acquisitive Morgan. Near the turn of the century came his "billion dollar adventure," when profiting, like so many others, by the convenient laws of New Jersey, he created the biggest monopoly the world had ever known, buying out the mighty Carnegie and forming the United States Steel Trust with a capital of £220,000,000. Goodness knows how many millions were added to the Morgan funds by that particular merger, which caused an outcry of wonder and dismay. Just about that time William Jennings Bryan, on hearing that Morgan had said "America is good enough for me," declared in his journal, *The Commoner*, "Whenever he doesn't like it, he can give it back to us."

Mr. Allen by no means confines himself to the vast financial transactions of Morgan, however, and in his biography are given intimate glimpses of the grandee both as churchman, as art collector, as philanthropist and as private citizen.

Some of these glimpses show the generous benefactor who did good by stealth. Others are not so prepossessing, especially those revealed through the eyes of Roger Fry, critic and connoisseur of art, who for long resented the Morgan influence at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. To Fry "he was the most repulsively ugly man, with a great strawberry nose, who behaved like a crowned head." To sum up the character of John Pierpont Morgan would be no easy task, and Mr. Allen wisely does not make the attempt. He leaves us with the thought that Morgan was a big man in an age when little men did not count. Most people will feel to-day that he came to exercise a dangerously extensive authority. More careers on the same authoritarian lines might have made of democracy a lost cause.

From the men of high finance who bestrode America half-a-century ago, sometimes with disastrous consequences for those with whom they came in contact, it is not inappropriate to turn to those new lords of creation, saddled with no less power for good or ill, the members of the United States Army of Occupation and the American civilian occupiers of post-war Japan. In her aptly-titled book POP-CORN ON THE GINZA (Victor Gollancz. 15s.), Lucy Herndon Crockett gives an eye-witness account of General MacArthur's mighty experiment in action, of how the conqueror and the conquered are getting along together not only in Tokyo itself, but in the farthest corners of the four main islands. Some of the results so far recorded are astonishing, and perhaps scarcely credible. There would seem to be an all-too-ready acceptance of MacArthur's "way and purpose," a too-eager genuflecting before the graven image of democracy, and some aver, indeed, that the Japanese are only waiting for the Americans to "up sticks" to return themselves to the same old chauvinistic game which made them for a brief while rulers over half Asia. Miss Crockett does not commit herself on such points. She presents facts as they occurred to her during eighteen months in Japan, and on the whole they speak well for the occupiers and the occupied, with due allowance, of course, for initial backsliding by over-exuberant troops. The author evidently had a rare time recording Japanese attempts to impress the "Occupationer" through the written word, and quotes the following note received from a Japanese by an American secretary who had been a guest star on a radio programme. It began: "How do you do? Akiko Kato is my name. Glad to know you. I listened to your beautiful voice by radio. Akiko is still a little baby of English, but every day studying with all my might and merrily. It is great interesting. For first time writing letter to lovely American person. I want beautiful friendship between you and me everlasting! I jolly want your pictures. Send picture to me for goodness sake. . . . I'll remember you everlasting. You are always in my little breast. Excuse me, I am sorry. You have my best wishes. Adieu. Akiko."

EXPLORING THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST: *Left*—**"Lady Bridge, Wilcot, Wilts," by Vincent Lines, R.W.S.; and** (*right*) **"Pendennis Castle," Falmouth, by Barbara Jones.** These two specially-commissioned drawings are from Volume IV of *Recording Britain* (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. £5 5s. the set), which has been issued to complete the series. Lady Bridge, Arnold Palmer tells us in his notes, is the work of Rennie and spans the Kennet and Avon Canal on Wilcot estate. Pendennis Castle is one of the fortresses guarding the entrance to Carrick Roads

FROM "RECORDING BRITAIN": "A House at Ditchling" (*left*), **drawn by Charles Knight, R.W.S., and** (*right*) **"The Round House at Veryan," by Barbara Jones, who contributes several drawings to this last volume dealing with the counties of Wiltshire, Somerset, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hampshire, Sussex and Kent. In all, ninety-five well-known artists were commissioned by the Pilgrim Trust to record the changing face of Britain.**

In 1946 the Grand Prix de Roman de l'Academie Française was awarded to Jean Orieux for his novel FONTAGRE (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.), which is now published for the first time in this country, the translation being by Naomi Walford. Fontagre is an ancestral domain, an ugly, inconvenient, insanitary French château in the Dordogne, surrounded by its farms and vineyards, struggling on into the '20's, mortgaged to the hilt. It is the story of a fight for survival, waged by the Marquise de Fontagre. The moment when the dry hail descends upon the vineyards and the tobacco crop, thrashing all in its path, precipitating ruin, spells final disaster for the wayward old châtelaine, and her drift into poverty, loneliness and senility, with no way ahead, is recounted with pathos and with uncommon power.

Here are two anthologies. No. 1, presented essentially for boys and girls, may enjoy a wider appeal, for in THE BEST OF THEIR KIND (Richards Press. 18s.), S. P. B. Mais covers the sort of ground we all enjoy re-treading. This is the harvest of his lifelong reading, a selection from the works of fifty-two authors who have made a deep impression on him, together with notes about their lives. Mr. Mais' choice ranges from Beowulf to Thomas Hardy, with poets and prose writers about equally represented. The reader will no doubt find his critical faculties at full stretch, advancing in his own mind favourite passages which may or may not put Mr. Mais' favourites in the shade. It is all very entertaining, and, indeed, makes a bedside book of the first order. Trollope fans, by the way, are treated to that great passage of arms between the Bishop, the luckless Mr. Slope, and the impossible Mrs. Proudie. Now in its second printing is FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN VERSE (Richards Press. 6s.), chosen by John Gawsworth. Mr. Gawsworth, himself a poet of distinction, first produced this anthology in 1938. It is in some ways a praiseworthy attempt to draw attention to the work of writers not included or not adequately represented in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, but the selection is open to the charge of being uneven, with well-known and well-loved lyrics of Housman, Bourdillon and W. H. Davies taking up space which might have gone to the lesser known.

For the traveller at home, who leaves untapped his £50 of foreign exchange, there is a wealth of literature these days. Most lavish of recent productions is George Rowntree Harvey's A BOOK OF SCOTLAND (A. and C. Black. 16s.). Its history, culture, industry and people are surveyed by one who loves and knows Scotland. There are numerous plates in colour, but better still, perhaps, are the reproductions from Robert Adams' excellent photographs. HOME GROUND (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), described as "a journey through the heart of England," is a new volume by Douglas Goldring, who, in a series of admirable essays, describes just those places which have most appealed to him in his wanderings. Market towns like Blandford, Chippenham and Cirencester appear to attract him most. Here is a book very much in the Cobbett tradition, and with many pleasant digressions to beguile the traveller.

The starlings roosting on the Eleanor Cross in the courtyard of Charing Cross, black-headed gulls swooping over the Thames Embankment, and swans congregating upon the oily waters of Chelsea Reach are familiar sights to the Londoner, and it is a matter of unfailing interest to see how wild life has adapted itself to the city. In LONDON'S BIRDS (Collins. 10s. 6d.), Mr. R. S. R. Fitter gives in lively and entertaining fashion some of the results of his long study of urban natural history.

Spoons, bowls, combs, tobacco-boxes, snuff-boxes and knitting sheaths are among the many objects of small woodware described as treen. Their manufacture constitutes one of the minor arts of Europe, and in his new volume, TREEN (Batsford. 25s.), Edward H. Pinto has produced a collector's guide of the first importance.

Jane Austen's SENSE AND SENSIBILITY (Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d.), with an introduction by Naomi Royde-Smith, is now added to this uniform edition. *Sense and Sensibility* is sixth in the series.

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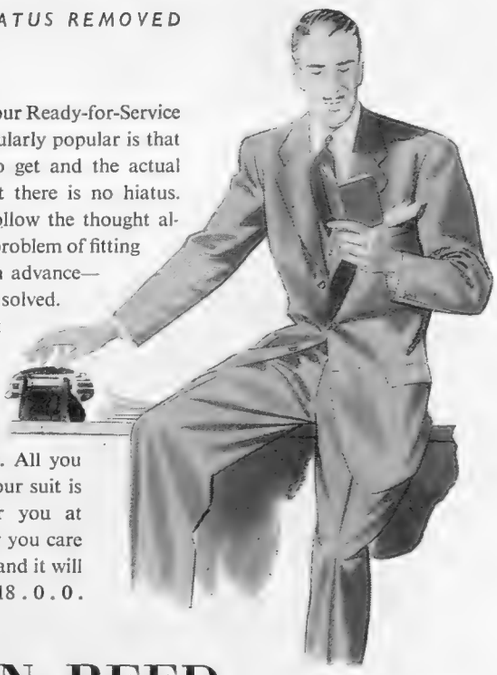

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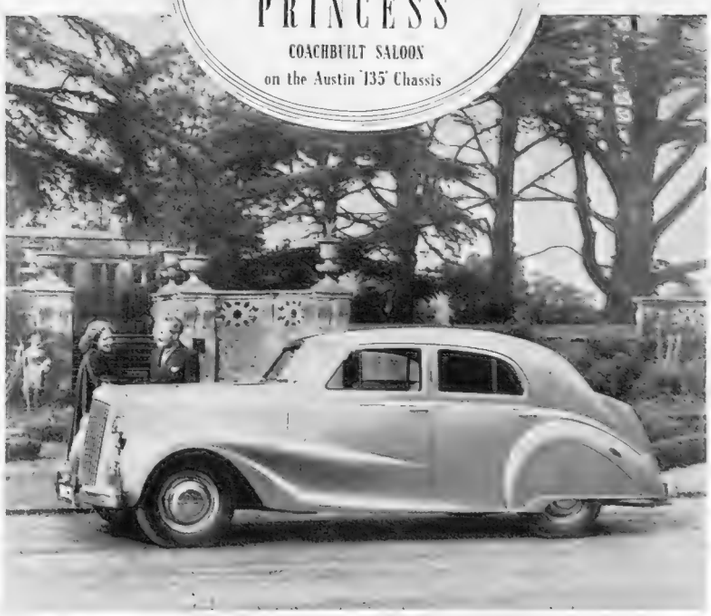

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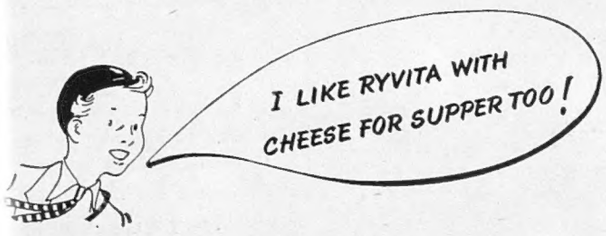

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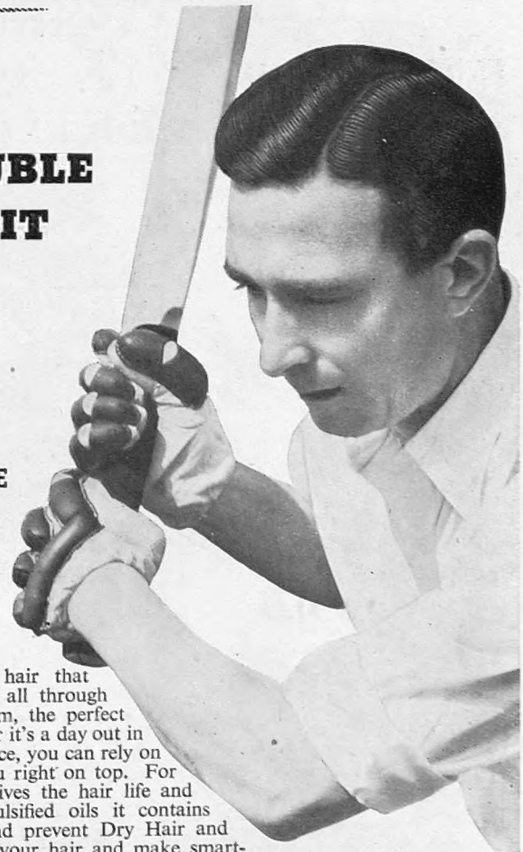

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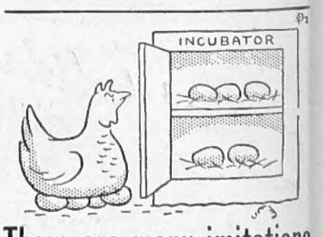

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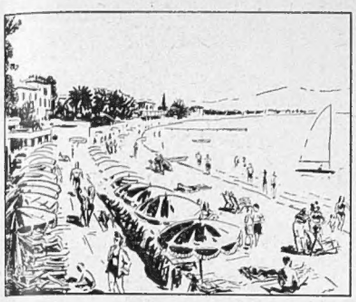

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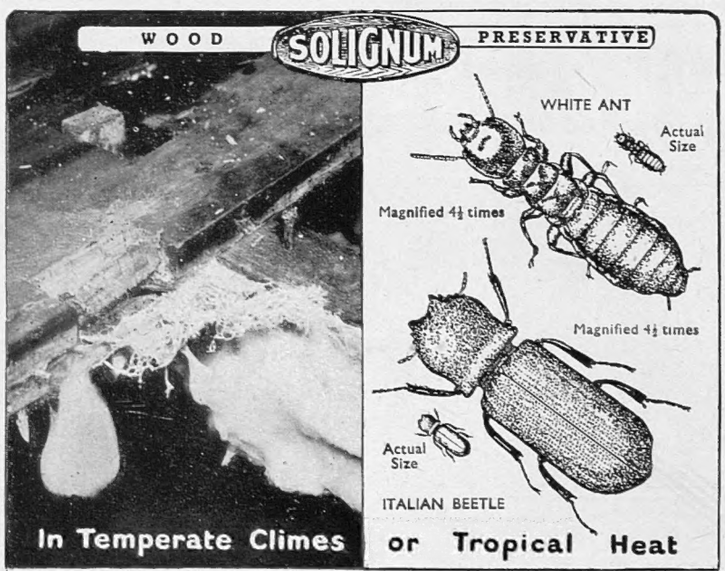

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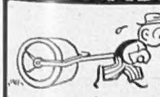

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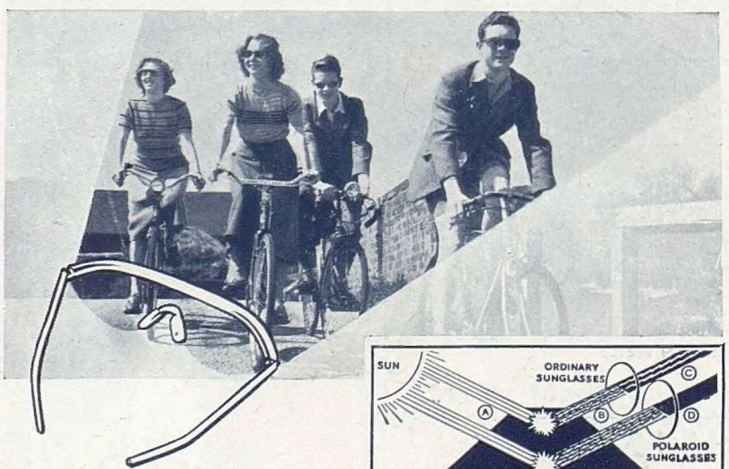

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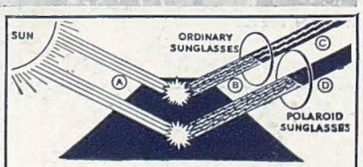

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